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**DEACON & PETERSON,** Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## TOO LATE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dream not thy precious time away,
My sluggard soul, awake!
This moment, this alone is thine;
Now, now thine efforts make.

To-morrow is not thine, thou hast
No promise of to-day,
E'en the next hour may be thy last
In this thy home of clay.

Inactive soul! what? idling yet?
Wretch, from thy sleep arise!
Unfold thy waiting, careless hands,
Unclose thy drowsy eyes.

Life's labor waits; still wilt thou dream
Of morrows fair and gay?
Time onward speeds; *now* wake! *now* toil!
Oh, canst thou yet delay?

Up! grasp *this* moment. Ah! it flies!
Time, time is thine no more;
Thou wakest, soul, too late, too late!
Death comes, thy dreams are o'er.

*Westerly, R. I.* GENEVA.

## SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### CHAPTER III.

CHATTAWAY'S BULL.

The stars shone bright and clear overhead, and George Ryle walked down the slight descent of the smooth turnpike road, wondering what could have become of his father. Any other night but this, Tuesday, his mind might have raised no marvel about it; but George could not remember the time when Tuesday evening had been devoted to anything but the farm accounts. John Pinder, who acted as a sort of bailiff, had been waiting in the kitchen some hours with his weekly memorandums as usual, to go through them with his master; and George knew that his father would not willingly keep the man waiting.

George went along whistling a tune; he was fond of whistling. About midway between Trevlyn Hold and his own house the sound of some other tune being whistled struck upon his ear, marring the unity of his own. A turn in the road brought a lad into view, in a smock frock. It was the wagoner's boy at Trevlyn's Hold. He ceased whistling when he came up to George, and touched his hat in a rustic fashion.

"Have you seen anything of my father, Bill?" asked young Ryle.

"Not since this afternoon, Master George," was the answer. "I see him then. He was a turning into that there field of ourn, just above here next to where the bull be. A going up to the Hold, mayhap; else what should he a do there?"

"What time was that?" asked George.

The boy tilted his hat up to scratch his head, possibly in the hope that the action might help him in his elucidation of the time asked for. "'Twas afore the sun setted," said he, at length. "I am sure o' that. He had got some'at red in his hand, and the sun [illegible] on it enough to set one's eyes a [illegible]."

The boy went on his way; George stood and thought. [illegible] the field [illegible] had turned into that he was [illegible] would be no doubt [illegible] Mr. Chattaway's. The crossing of this field, and the one contiguous to it, both of them of large dimensions, would bring a passenger out close to Trevlyn Hold, cutting off, perhaps, two minutes of the high road, which wound round the fields. But the fields were scarcely ever so favored, on account of the bull. This bull had been a bone of much contention in the neighborhood, and was popularly called "Chattaway's bull." It was a savage animal, and had once got out of the field and frightened several nearly to death. The neighbors said Mr. Chattaway ought to keep him in his shed, under safe lock and key. Mr. Chattaway said he should keep him where he pleased, and he generally pleased to keep him in the field. This barred it to pedestrians; and Mr. Ryle must undoubtedly have been in hot haste to reach Trevlyn Hold for him to choose that dangerous route.

A hundred fears darted through George Ryle's mind. He was more thoughtful, it may be said more imaginative, than boys of his age in general are. George and Cris. Chattaway had once had a run from the bull, and only saved themselves by desperate speed. Venturing into the field one day when the animal was apparently grazing quietly in a remote corner, they had not anticipated his making an onset at them. George remembered this; he remembered the terror excited when the bull had broken loose. Had his father been attacked by the bull?—perhaps killed? His heart beating, his life blood bounding, George retraced his steps, and turned into the first field.

He hastened across it, glancing keenly on all sides—as keenly at least as the night allowed him. Not in that field would be the danger, since it was an interdicted one to the bull; and George gained the gate of the other, and stood looking into it.

Apparently it was quite empty. The bull was probably safe in his shed then, in Chattaway's farm-yard. George could see nothing—nothing save the short grass stretched out in the starlight. He threw his eyes in every direction of the extensive plain, but he could not perceive his father, or any trace of him. "What a simpleton I am," thought George, "to fear such an out-of-the way thing could have happened! Papa must—

What was that? George brought his sentence to an abrupt conclusion, and held his breath. A sound, not unlike a groan, had smote upon his ear. And there it came again! "Halloa!" shouted George, and cleared the gate with a bound. "What's that? Who is it?"

A moan answered him; a succession of moans, and George Ryle hastened to the spot, guided by the sound. It was but a little way off, down along by the edge separating the two fields. All the undefined fear, which George, not a minute ago, had felt inclined to treat as a vagary of an absurd imagination, was indeed but a dread prevision of the terrible reality. Mr. Ryle lay in a narrow, deep, dry ditch; and, but for that friendly ditch, he had probably been gored to death on the spot.

"Who is it?" asked he feebly, as his son bent over him, who was trying to distinguish what he could in the darkness. "George?"

"Oh papa! what has happened?"

"Just my death, lad."

It was a sad tale. One that is often talked of in the place in connection with Chattaway's bull. In crossing the second field, indeed, as soon as he entered it, Mr. Ryle was attacked by the furious beast, and tossed into the ditch, where he lay helpless. The people said then, and say still, that the scarlet cloth he carried excited the anger of the bull.

George raised his voice in a loud shout for help, hoping it might reach the ears of the boy whom he had recently encountered. "Perhaps I can get you out, papa," he said. "Though I may not be able myself to get you home."

"No, George; it will take stronger help than yours to get me out of this."

"I had better go up to the Hold, then. It is nearer than our house."

"George, you will not go to the Hold," said the farmer authoritatively. "I will not be beholden for help to Chattaway. He has been the upset of my peace, and now his bull has done for me."

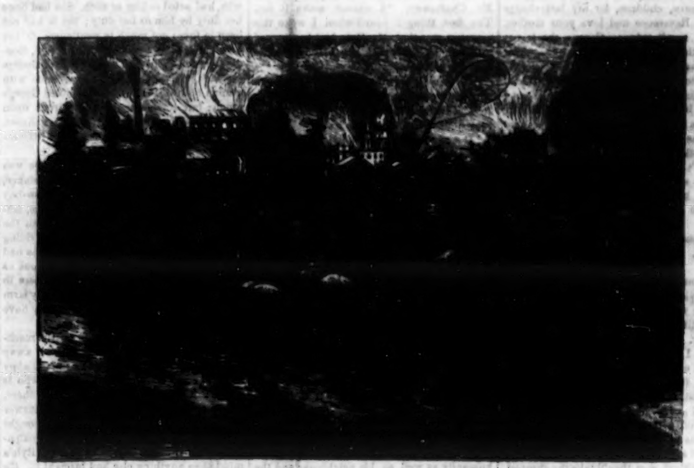
George bent down closer. There was no room for him to get into the ditch, it was very narrow. "Papa, are you shivering with cold?"

"With cold and pain. The frost strikes keen upon me, and inward pain is great."

George instantly took off his jacket and waistcoat, and laid them gently on his father, his tears dropping fast and silently in the dark night. "I'll go home for help," he said, speaking as bravely as he could. "John Pinder is there, and we can call up one or two of the men."

"Ay, do," said Mr. Ryle. "They must bring a shutter, and carry me home on it. Take care you don't frighten your mamma, George. Tell her at first that I have slipped down, and can't walk, through spraining of my ankle. Anything of that, just to break it to her."

George flew away. At the end of the second field, staring over its space from the top of the gate near the high road, stood the boy Bill, whose ears George's shouts had reached. He was not a very sharp-witted lad, and his eyes and mouth opened with astonishment to see George Ryle come flying along in his shirt sleeves.



[SEE STORY OF "MY FRIEND'S WEDDING-DAY," ON FOURTH PAGE.]

"What's agate?" asked he. "Be that there bull got loose again?"

"Bill, you run down for your life to the second field," panted George, seizing upon him in his desperation. "In the ditch, a few yards along the hedge to the right, there's my father lying. You go and stop by him until I come back with help."

"Lying in the ditch!" repeated Bill, unable to gather his ideas upon the communication. "What's done it, Master George? Drink?"

"Drink!" indignantly retorted George. "When did you know Mr. Ryle the worse for drink? It's Chattaway's bull; that's what has done it. Make haste down to him, Bill. You might hear his groans all this way, if you listened."

"Is the bull there?" asked Bill, as a measure of precaution.

"I have seen no bull. The bull must have been in his shed hours ago. Stand by him, Bill, and I'll give you sixpence to-morrow."

They separated different ways. Tears falling, brain working, legs flying, George tore down the road, wondering how he should fulfill the injunction of his father, not to frighten Mrs. Ryle in the telling of the news. Molly, very probably looking after her sweetheart, was standing at the fold-yard gate as he passed it. George made her go into the house the front way and whisper to Nora to come out; to tell her that "somebody" wanted to speak to her. Molly, a good-natured girl, obeyed; but so bunglingly did she execute her commission, that not only Nora, but Mrs. Ryle and Trevlyn came flocking out wonderingly to the porch. George could only go in then.

"Don't be frightened, mamma," he said, in answer to their shower of questions. "Papa has had a fall, and—and says he cannot walk home. Perhaps his ankle's sprained."

"What has become of your jacket and waistcoat, you naughty boy?" cried out Nora, laying hold of George as if she meant to shake him.

"Don't, Nora. They are safe enough. Is John Pinder still in the kitchen?" continued George, escaping from the room.

Trevlyn ran after him. "I say, George, have you been fighting?" he asked. "Is your jacket torn to ribbons?"

George drew the boy into a dark angle of the passage.

"Treve," he whispered, "if I tell you something about papa, you won't cry out?"

"No, I won't cry out," answered Treve.

"We must get a stretcher of some sort up to him, to bring him home. I am going to consult John Pinder. He—"

"Where is papa?" interrupted Treve.

"He is lying in a ditch in the large meadow. Chattaway's bull has attacked him. I am not sure but he will die."

The first thing Treve did was to cry out. George clapped his hand before his mouth. But Mrs. Ryle and Nora, who were full of curiosity, both as to George's jacketless state, and George's news had followed them into the passage, and were standing by. Treve began to cry.

"He has got dreadful news about papa, he says," sobbed Treve. "He thinks he's dead."

It was all over. George must tell now, and he could not help himself.

"No, no," Treve, you should not exaggerate," he said, turning to Mrs. Ryle in his pain and earnestness. "There is an accident, mamma; but it is not so bad as that."

Mrs. Ryle retained perfect composure; very few people had ever seen *her* ruffled—It was not in her nature to be so, and her husband had little need to give George the caution that he did give him. She laid her hand upon George's shoulder and looked calmly into his face.

"Tell me truth," she said, in a tone of quiet command. "What is the injury?"

"I do not know it yet."

"The truth, boy, I said," she sternly interposed.

"Indeed, mamma, I do not yet know what it is. He has been attacked by Chattaway's bull."

It was Nora's turn now to shriek.

"By Chattaway's bull?" she uttered.

"Yes," said George. "It must have happened immediately after he left here at tea-time, and he has been lying ever since in the ditch in the upper meadow. I covered him over with my jacket and waistcoat; he was shivering with cold and pain."

While George was talking, Mrs. Ryle was acting. She had sought John Pinder and issued her orders clearly and concisely. Men were got together; a mattress with secure holders was made ready; and the procession started under the convoy of George, who had been made put on another jacket by Nora. Bill, the wagoner's boy, had been faithful, and was found by the side of Mr. Ryle.

"I'm glad you be come," was the boy's salutation. "He have been groaning and shivering awful. It set me on to shiver too."

As if to escape from the shivering, Bill ran off there and then at his utmost speed across the field, and never drew breath until he reached Trevlyn Hold. In spite of his somewhat stolid properties, he felt a sort of pride in being the first to impart the story there. Entering the house by the back, or farm-yard door—for farming was carried on at Trevlyn Hold as well as at Trevlyn Farm—he passed through sundry passages to the well-lighted hall. There he seemed to hesitate at his temerity, but at length gave an awkward knock at the door of the general sitting-room.

A commodious and handsome room. Lying back in an easy chair was a pretty and pleasing woman, looking considerably younger than she really was. Small features, a profusion of curling auburn hair, light blue eyes, a soft, yielding expression of countenance, and a gentle voice, were many of them adjuncts of a young woman, rather than of one approaching middle age. A stranger, entering, might have taken her for a young, unmarried woman; and yet she was the mistress of Trevlyn Hold, the mother of that great girl of seventeen at the table, now playing at backgammon and quarrelling with her brother Christopher. Mistress in name only. Although the wife of its master, Mr. Chattaway, and the daughter of its late master, Squire Trevlyn; although she was universally called *Madam* Chattaway—as it had been customary from time immemorial to designate the mistress of Trevlyn Hold—she was in fact no better than a nonentity in it, possessing little authority and assuming less. She has been telling her children several times that their hour for bed has passed; she has begged them not to quarrel; she has suggested that if they will not go to bed, Maude should; but she may as well have talked to the winds.

Miss Chattaway possesses a will of her own. She has the same insignificant features, the pale leaden complexion, the small but sly and keen light eyes, that characterize her father. She would like to hold undisputed sway as the house mistress; but the inclination has to be concealed; to be kept under; for the real mistress of Trevlyn Hold may not be displaced from power. She is sitting at the back there, at a table apart, bending over her desk. A tall, majestic lady in a stiff green silk dress and an imposing cap, in person very like Mrs. Ryle. It is Miss Trevlyn, usually called Miss Diana, the youngest daughter of the late squire. You would take her to be ten years older at least than her sister, Mrs. Chattaway, but in point of fact she is that lady's junior by a year; Miss Trevlyn is, to all intents and purposes, the mistress of Trevlyn Hold, and she rules with a firm sway its internal economy.

"Maude, you should go to bed," Mrs. Chattaway had said for the fourth or fifth time.

A graceful girl of thirteen turned her dark violet-blue eyes, and her pretty light curls round to Mrs. Chattaway. She had been leaning on the table, watching the backgammon. Something of the soft, sweet expression visible in Mrs. Chattaway's face might be traced in this child's, but in her, Maude, it was blended with greater intellect.

"It is not my fault, Aunt Edith," she gently said. "I should like to go. I am tired."

"Will you be quiet, Maude!" broke from Miss Chattaway. "Mamma, I wish you'd not be so tiresome, worrying about bed! I don't choose Maude to go up until I do. She helps me to undress."

Poor Maude looked sleepy.

"I can be going on, Octave, she said to Miss Chattaway. "I can be saying my prayers."

"You can hold your tongue and wait where you are, and not be ungrateful," was the response of Octavia Chattaway. "But for my papa's kindness, you'd not have a bed to go to. Cris, you are cheating! that was not double-six!"

It was at this juncture that the awkward knock came to the door.

"Come in," called out Mrs. Chattaway.

Either her soft voice was not heard, for Cris and his sister were loud just then, or else the boy's modesty did not allow him to respond. He knocked again.

"See who it is, Cris," came forth the ringing, decisive voice of Miss Trevlyn.

Cris did not choose to obey.

"Open the door, Maude," said he.

Maude did as she was bid: she had little chance allowed her in that house of doing otherwise. Opening the door, she saw the boy standing there.

"What is it, Bill?" she asked, in some surprise.

"Please, is the squire in there, Miss Maude?"

"No," answered Maude. "He is gone to bed: he is not well."

This appeared to be a poser for Bill, and he stood to consider.

"Is Madam in there?" he presently asked.

"Who is it, Maude?" came again in Miss Trevlyn's commanding tones.

Maude turned her head.

"It is Bill Webb, Aunt Diana."

"What does he want?" asked Miss Trevlyn.

Bill stepped in then.

"Please, Miss Diana, I come to tell the squire the news. I thought he might be angry of me if I did not come, seeing as I knowed of it."

"The news!" repeated Miss Diana, looking imperiously at Bill.

"Of the mischief what the bull have done. He have gone and gored Farmer Ryle."

The words arrested the attention of all. They came forward, as with one impulse. Cris and his sister, in their haste to quit their backgammon, upset the board.

"*What* do you say, Bill?" gasped Mrs. Chattaway, with a white face and faltering tongue.

"It's true, ma'am," said Bill. "The bull set on him this afternoon, and tossed him into the ditch. Master George found him there a short while agone, groaning awful."

There was a sad pause. Maude broke the silence with a sob of pain, and Mrs. Chattaway in her consternation, laid hold of the arm of the boy.

"Bill, I—I—hope he is not much injured!"

"He says as it's his death, ma'am," answered Bill. "John Pinder and others have brought a bed, and they be carrying of him home on it."

"What brought Mr. Ryle in that field?" asked Miss Diana.

"He telled me, ma'am, as he was a coming up here to see the squire, and took that way to save time."

Mrs. Chattaway fell a little back.

"Cris," said she to her son, "go down to the farm and see what the injury is. I cannot sleep in the uncertainty. It may be fatal."

Cris tossed his head.

"You know, mother, I'd do anything almost to oblige you," he said in his smooth accent, which seemed to carry a false sound with it, "but I can't go to the farm. Mrs. Ryle might insult me: there's no love lost between us."

"If the accident happened this afternoon, how was it not discovered when the bull was fetched in from the field to his shed to-night?" cried Miss Trevlyn, speaking as much to herself as to anybody else.

Bill shook his head.

"I dun know," he replied. "For one thing, Mr. Ryle was right down in the ditch and couldn't be seen. And the bull, maybe, had went to the top o' the field, then, Miss Diana, where the groaning wouldn't be heard."

"If I had but been listened to!" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway, in a wailing accent. "How many a time have I asked that the bull should be parted with, before he did some irreparable injury. And now it has come!"

### CHAPTER IV.

LIFE? OR DEATH?

Mr. Ryle was carried home on the mattress, and laid on the large table in the sitting-room, by the surgeon's directions. Mrs. Ryle, of clear head and calm judgment, had sent for medical advice even before sending for her husband. The only available doctor for immediate purposes was Mr. King. He lived near, about midway between the farm and the village. He attended at once, and was at the house before his patient. Mrs. Ryle had sent also to Barmester for another surgeon, but he could not arrive just yet. It was by Mr. King's direction that the mattress and he who lay upon it was lifted on to the large table in the parlor.

"Better there; better there," acquiesced the sufferer, when he heard the order given. "I don't know how they'd get me up the winding stairs."

Mr. King, a man getting in years, was left alone with his patient. The examination over, he came forth from the room and sought Mrs. Ryle, who was waiting for the report.

"The internal injuries are extensive, I fear," he said. "They lie chiefly here"—touching his chest and right side.

"Will he *live*, Mr. King?" she interrupted. "Do not temporize, but let me know the truth. Can he live?"

"You have asked me a question that I cannot yet answer," returned the surgeon. "My examination has been superficial and hasty, I was alone in making it, and I knew you were anxiously waiting. With the help of Mr. Benage, we may be able to arrive at some more decisive opinion. I do fear the injuries are great."

Yes, they were great; and nothing could be done, as it seemed, to remedy them or alleviate the pain. Mr. Ryle lay on the bed helpless, giving vent to his regret and anguish in somewhat homely phraseology. It was the phraseology of the simple farm-house; that in which he had been reared; it was not likely he would change it now. By descent gentlemen, he and his father had been content to live as plain farmers only, in speech as well as in work.

He lay there groaning, lamenting his imprudence, now it was too late, in venturing within the reach of that dangerous animal. The rest waited anxiously and restlessly the appearance of the surgeon. *For Mr. Benage of Barmester had a world-wide reputation, and such men seem to bring comfort with them. If anybody could apply healing remedies to the injuries and save his life, it was Mr. Benage.*

George Ryle had taken up his station at the garden gate. His hands clasping it, his head lying lightly on its iron spikes at the top, he was listening for the sound of the gig which had been despatched to Barmester. Nora, at length, came out to him.

"You'll catch cold, George, stopping there in the keen night air."

"The night air won't hurt me to night. Listen, Nora. I thought I heard something. They might be back by this."

A few moments of listening silence, bringing forth no result. George was mistaken. They must wait yet.

"I wonder what there is to be injured in the right side?" observed Nora. "The liver's there; and what else is there? Not the heart, for that's on the other side. I wish I was learned in such knowledge!"

George made no reply. His ears were painfully alert, and Nora's useless talk annoyed them. She began again.

"Did the master tell you himself he was hurt in the side, when you found him?"

"I was afraid to ask him where he was hurt," answered George. "It was at my tongue's end all the while, but somehow I could not. I was a coward."

"I don't think much of King, for my part," went on Nora, who could scarcely be still had her life depended on it. "Mr. Benage is the one for skill. It's a great deal more likely to be the limbs than the inside. In being tossed by a bull, or any other animal, it stands to reason that the outer part of you, the legs and arms—"

"Do listen, Nora!" implored George. "I am sure I hear something now."

He was right this time. The gig was bowling swiftly up, containing the well-known surgeon and the messenger that had been dispatched for him. The surgeon, a little man, quick and active, was out of the gig before it had well stopped, passed George and Nora with a nod, and was welcomed by Mr. King, who had come out to receive him. The two doctors conferred together for a few seconds, and then entered the house.

A short while subsequently the fiat was known. There would be but a few more hours of life for Mr. Ryle.

Mr. King would remain, doing what he could to comfort, to soothe pain. Mr. Benage must return to Barmester, for he was wanted there, and the horse was put to the gig again to convey him. Some refreshment was offered him, but he declined it. Nora waylaid him in the garden as he was going down it to the gig, and caught him by the arm.

"Will the master see to-morrow's sun, sir?"

"It's rising, he may. He will not see its setting."

Can you picture to yourselves what that night was, for the house and its inmates? In the parlor, gathered round the table, on which lay the dying man, were Mrs. Ryle, George, and Trevlyn, the surgeon, and sometimes Nora. In the room outside, was collected a larger group: John Pinder, the men who had borne him home, and Molly; with a few others whom the news of the accident had brought together.

Mrs. Ryle stood close to her husband. George and Trevlyn seemed scarcely to know where to stand, or what to do with themselves; and Mr. King sat in a chair in the recess of the bay window. They had placed a pillow under Mr. Ryle's head, and covered him over with blankets and a counterpane; a stranger would judge him to be lying on a bed. He looked grievously wan, and the surgeon administered something to him in a glass from time to time.

"Come here, boys," he suddenly said.—"Come close to me."

They approached close, as he said, and leaned over him.

He took a hand of each. George swallowed down his tears in the best way that he could. Trevlyn looked scared and frightened.

"Children, I am going. It has pleased God to cut me off in the midst of my career, just when I had the least thoughts of death. I don't know how it will be with you, my dear ones, or how it will be with the old home. Chattaway can sell up everything if he chooses; and I fear there's little hope but he'll do it. If he'd let your mother stop on, she might keep things together, and get clear of him in time. George will be growing up more of a man every day, and he may soon learn to be useful in the farm, if his mother thinks well to keep him on it. Maude, you'll do the best for them? For him, as well as for the younger ones?"

"I will," said Mrs. Ryle.

"Ay, I know you will. I leave them all to you, and you'll act for the best. I think it's well that George should be upon the farm, as I am taken from it; but you and he will see. Treve, you must do the best you can at whatever station you are called to. I don't know what it will be. My boys, there's nothing before you but to work. Do you understand that?"

"Fully," was George's answer. Treve seemed too bewildered to give one.

"To work with all your might; your shoulders to the wheel; downright hard work and labor. Do your best in all ways. Be honest and single-hearted in the sight of God—work for Him while you are working for yourselves, and then He will prosper you. I wish I had worked for Him more than I have done! Take care that you live so that you don't have to wish it when you come to lie where I am—the death bed."

A pause, broken only by the heavy sobs of George, who could no longer control them.

"My days seem to have been made up of nothing but struggling, and quarrelling, and care. Struggling to keep my head above water, and quarrelling with Chattaway. The end seemed a far-off vista, ages away, something like heaven seems. And now the end's come, and heaven's come—that is, I must set out upon the journey that leads to it. I misdoubt me but the end comes to many in the same sudden way; cutting them off in their carelessness, in their sins. Do not you spend your days in quarrelling, my boys; just be working on a bit for the end, while there's time given you to do it. I don't know how it will be in the world I am about to enter. Some think that when once we have entered it, we shall see what is going on here, in our families and homes. For that thought, if for no other, I'd ask you to try and keep right. If you were to go wrong, think how it would grieve me! I should always be wailing out that I might have trained you better, and had not. Oh, children! it is only when we come to lie here that we see all our shortcomings. You'd not like so to grieve me, George?"

"Oh, papa, no!" said George, his sobs deepening. "Indeed I will try to do my best. I shall be thinking that perhaps you are watching me."

"There's one, greater than I, always watching you, George. And that's God. Act well in His sight, not in mine. Doctor, I must have that stuff again. I feel a queer sinking in my inside."

Mr. King rose, poured some drops into a wine-glass of water, and administered it. The patient lay a few moments, and then took his sons' hands, as before.

"And now, children, for my last charge to you. Reverence and love your mother. Obey her in all things. George, she is not your mother by blood, but you have never known another, and she has been to you as such. Listen to her always, and she will lead you aright. If I had listened to her, I shouldn't be lying where I am now, with my side stove in. A week or two ago I wanted to get the character of that out-door man from Chattaway.

"'Don't go through the field with the bull in it,' she said to me before I started.

"'The bull won't hurt me,' I answered her. 'He knows me as well as he know his master.'

"'Thomas, don't trust him,' she said to me again. 'Better keep where he *can't* touch you.'

"Do you remember it, Maude?"

Mrs. Ryle simply bowed her head in reply. That she was feeling the scene deeply there could be little doubt; but emotion she would not show.

"Well, I heeded what your mother said, and went up to Chattaway's by the road way, avoiding the fields," resumed Mr. Ryle.—"This last afternoon, when I was going up again and got to the field gate, I turned to it, for it cut off a few steps of the way, and my temper was up. When people's tempers are up, they don't stop to go around; if there's a long way and a short way, they'll take the shortest. I thought of what she'd say when I swung in, but I didn't let it stop me. It must have been that red neckerchief that put him up, for I was no sooner over the gate than he bellowed out savagely and butted at me. It was all over in a minute; I was in the ditch, and he went on, bellowing and tossing and tearing at the cloth. If you go to-morrow, you'll see it in shreds about the field. Children, obey you mother; there'll be double the necessity for it when I am gone."

The boys had been obedient hitherto. At least, George had. Trevlyn was too much indulged to allow it. George promised that he would be so still.

"I wish I could have seen the little wench," resumed the dying man, the tears gathering on his eyelashes. "But may-be it's for the best that she's away, for I'd hardly have borne to part with her. Maude! George! Treve! I leave her to you all. Do the best you can by her. I don't know that she'll be spared to grow up, for she's but a delicate little mite: but that will be as God pleases. I wish I could have stopped with you all a bit longer—if it's not sinful to wish contrary to God's will. Is Mr. King there?"

Mr. King had resumed his seat in the bay window, and was partially hidden by the curtain. He came forward.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Ryle?"

"I'd be obliged if you'd just write out a few directions," said the farmer. "I'd like to write them myself, but it can't be; you'll put down the words just as I speak them. I have not made my will. My wife has said to me often—'Thomas, you ought to make a will;' and I knew I ought, but I put it off and put it off, thinking I could do it any time; but now the end's come, and it is not done. Death surprises a many I fear, like he has surprised me. It seems that if I could only have one day more of health, I would do many things that I have left undone.—You shall put down my wishes, doctor. It will do as well; for there's only themselves, and they won't dispute one with the other.—Let a little table be brought here, and pen and ink and paper."

He lay quiet while these directions were obeyed, and then began to speak again.

"I am in mighty little pain, considering that I am going; not half as much as when I lay doubled in that ditch; thank God for it! It might have been that I could not have left a written line, or said a word of farewell to you. There's sure to be a bit of blue sky in the darkest trouble; and the more implicitly we trust, the more blue sky there'll be. I have not been what I ought to be, especially in the matter of disputing with Chattaway—not but what it's Chattaway's hardness that has been in fault. But God is taking me from a world of care, and I trust He will forgive all my shortcomings for our Saviour's sake. Is that table ready?"

"It is all ready," said Mr. King.

"Then you'll leave me alone with the doctor a short while, dear ones," he resumed.—"We shall not keep you out long."

Nora, who had brought in the things required, held the door open for them to pass through. The pinched, blue look that the face, lying there was assuming, struck upon her ominously.

"After all, the boy was right," she murmured. "The hole, scratched before this house, was not meant for Jim Sanders."

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE BULL'S WORK COMPLETED.

The morning sun rose gloriously, melting the signs of the early October frost, and shedding its glad beams upon the world. But the beams fall upon dark scenes sometimes; perhaps more often than on bright ones.

George Ryle was leaning on the gate of the fold-yard. He had strolled out without his hat, and had bent his head down on the gate in his grief. Not that he was shedding tears now. He had shed plenty during the night; but tears cannot flow always with out cessation, even from an aching heart.

Hasty steps were heard approaching in the road, and George raised his head. They were Mr. Chattaway's. He stopped suddenly at sight of George.

"George, what is this about your father? What has happened? Is he dead?"

"He is dying," replied George. "The doctors are with him. Mr. King has been here all night, and Mr. Benage has just come again from Barmester. They have sent us out of the room; me and Treve. They let mamma stop."

"But how on earth did it happen?" asked Mr. Chattaway. "I cannot make it out. The first thing I heard when I woke this morning, was that Mr. Ryle had been gored to death by the bull. What brought him near the bull?"

"He was going through the field up to your house, and the bull set on him—"

"But when? but when?" hastily interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

"It was yesterday afternoon. Papa came in directly after you rode away, and I gave him the message you left. He said he would go up then to the Hold, and speak to you; and he took the field way, instead of the road."

"Now how could he take it? He knew that way was hardly safe for strangers. Not but what the bull ought to have known him."

"He had a scarlet cravat in his hand, and he thinks it was the sight of that which excited the bull. He was tossed into the ditch, and lay there, unfound, until past ten at night."

"And he is badly hurt?"

"He is dying," replied George; "dying now. I think that is why they sent us from the room."

Mr. Chattaway paused in dismay. Though a hard, selfish man, who had taken delight in quarrelling with Mr. Ryle and putting upon him, he did possess some feelings of humanity as well as his neighbors; and the terrible nature of the case naturally called them forth. George strove manfully to keep down his tears; the speaking of the circumstances was almost too much for him, but he did not care to give way before the world, especially to that unit in it represented by Mr. Chattaway. Mr. Chattaway rested his elbow on the gate, and looked down at George.

"This is very shocking, lad. I am sorry to hear it. Whatever will the farm do without him? How shall you all get on?"

"It is the thinking of that which has been troubling him all night," said George, speaking by snatches lest his sobs should burst forth. "He said we might get a living at the farm, if you would let us do it. If you would not be hard," added George, determined to speak out.

"Hard, he called me, did he?" said Mr. Chattaway. "It's not my hardness that has been in fault, George; but his pride. He has been as saucy and independent as if he did not owe a shilling; always wanting to make himself out my equal."

"And so he is your equal, Mr. Chattaway," said George, speaking meekly in his sadness.

"My equal! Working Tom Ryle equal with the Chattaways! A man that rents a couple of hundred acres, and does half the work on them himself, the equal of the landlord that owns them and ever so many more on to them!—the equal of the Squire of Trevlyn Hold! Where did you pick up these notions, George Ryle?"

George had a great mind to say that in point of strict justice Mr. Chattaway had no more right to be the Squire of Trevlyn Hold, or to own those acres, than his father had; not quite so much right, if it came to that. But he remembered they were in Chattaway's power; that he could sell them up, and turn them off the farm, if he pleased; and he held his tongue.

"Not that I blame you for the notions," Mr. Chattaway resumed, in the same thin and unpleasant tone—never was there a voice more thin and wiry in its sound. "It's natural you should have got hold of them from Ryle; for they were his. He was always— But there! I won't say any more, with your poor father lying there. We'll let it drop, George."

"I do not know how things are between you and my father," said George, "except that there's money owing to you. But if you will not press us—if you will let mamma stay on at the farm. I—"

"There, that's enough," interrupted Mr. Chattaway. "Never you trouble your head, George, about business that's above you. Anything that's between me and your father, or your mother either, is no concern of yours; you are not old enough for interference yet. I should like to see him. Do you think I may go in?"

"We can ask," answered George; some vague and indistinct idea floating to his mind that a death-bed reconciliation might tend to smooth future difficulties.

He led the way to the house through the fold-yard. Nora was coming out at the back door as they advanced to it, her eyes wet.

"Nora, do you think Mr. Chattaway may go on to see my father?" asked George.

"If it will do Mr. Chattaway any good," responded Nora, who never regarded that gentleman but in the light of a common enemy, and could with difficulty bring herself to be commonly civil to him. "It is all over; but Mr. Chattaway can see what's left of him."

"Is he dead?" whispered Mr. Chattaway; while George lifted his white and startled face.

"Yes, he is dead!" broke forth Nora in a fit of sobs; "and perhaps there may be some that will wish now they had been less hard with him in life. The doctors and Mrs. Ryle have just come out, and the women have gone in to put him straight and comfortable. Mr. Chattaway can go in also if he'd like it."

Mr. Chattaway, it appeared, did not like it. He turned from the door, drawing George with him.

"George, you'll tell your mother that I am grieved and vexed at her trouble, and I wish that beast of a bull had been stuck before he had done what he has. You tell her that if there's any little thing she could fancy from the Hold to let Edith know, and she'd be glad to send it to her. Good-by, lad. You and Treve must keep up, you know."

He passed out by the fold-yard gate as he had entered, and George leaned upon it again with his aching heart: an orphan now,—Treve and Caroline had their mother left, but he had no one. It is true he had never known a mother, and Mrs. Ryle, his father's second wife, had acted to him as such. She had done her duty by him *as* her duty; but it had not been in love; not much in gentleness. Of her own children she was, it may be said, inordinately fond; she had not been so of George—which perhaps was in accordance with human nature. It had never troubled George much; but somehow the past struck upon his mind with a sense of intense loneliness. His father had loved him deeply and evidently; but—he was gone.

In spite of his heavy sorrow, George was awake to the sounds going on in the distance, the every-day labor of life. The cow-boy was calling to his cows; one of the men, acting for Jim Sanders, was going out with the team. And now there came a butcher riding up from Barmester, and George knew he had come about some beasts, all unconscious as yet that the master was no longer here to command, or to deal. Work, especially farm work, must go on, although death may have been accomplishing its mission.

The butcher, riding fast, had nearly reached the gate, and George was turning away from it to retire in-doors, when the unhappy thought came startlingly upon him—who is to see this man? His father no longer there, who must represent him?—must answer comers—must stand in his shoes? It brought the fact of what had happened more palpably, more *practically* before George Ryle's mind than anything else had brought it. He stood where he was, instead of turning away. He must rise up superior to his grief that day, and be useful; he must rise up above his years in the future days for his step-mother's sake.

"Good-morning, Mr. George," cried the butcher, as he rode up. "Is the master about?"

"No," answered George, speaking as steadily as he could. "He—he will never be about again. He is dead."

The butcher took it as a boy's joke.

"None of that gammon, young gentleman!" said he, with a laugh. "Which way shall I go to find him? He has not laid in bed, and overslep' himself, I suppose?"

"Mr. Cope," said George, raising his grave face upwards—and the expression of it struck a chill to the man's heart—"I should not joke upon the subject of death. My father was attacked by Chattaway's bull yesterday evening, and he has died of the injuries."

"Lawk a mercy!" uttered the startled man. "Attacked by Chattaway's bull! and—and—died of the injuries! Sure—ly it can't be!"

George had turned his face away; it was getting more than he could bear!"

"Have Chattaway killed the bull?" was the next question put by the butcher.

"I suppose not."

"Then he is no man and no gentleman if he don't do it. If a beast of mine injured a neighbor, I'd stop him from injuring another, no matter what might be its value. Dear me! Mr. George, I'd rather have heard any news than this."

George's head was completely turned away now. The butcher roused himself to think of business. His time was short, for he had to be back again in the town before his shop opened for the day.

"I came up about the beasts," he said.—"The master as good as sold 'em to me yesterday; it was only a matter of a few shillings split us. But I'll give in sooner than not have 'em. Who is going to carry on the dealings in Mr. Ryle's place? Who can I speak to?"

"You can see John Pinder, for now," answered George, "he knows most about things."

The butcher guided his horse through the fold-yard, the cocks and hens fluttering in all directions, and gained the barn. John Pinder was in it and came out to him; and George escaped in doors.

It was a sad, weary day. The excitement over, the doctors departed, the gossipers and neighbors dispersed, the village carpenter having come and taken a certain measure, then the house was left to its monotonous quiet; that distressing quiet which tells upon the spirits. Nora's voice was subdued, and Molly went about on tiptoe. The boys wished it was over: that and many more days to come. Treve fairly broke bounds about twelve, said he could not bear it, and went out amid the men. In the afternoon George was summoned up stairs to the chamber of Mrs. Ryle, where she had remained since the morning.

"George, you shall go to Barmester," she said. "I wish to know how Caroline bears the news, poor child! Mr. Benage said he would call and break it to her; but I cannot get her grief out of my head. You can go over in the gig; but don't stay. Be home by tea-time."

It is more than probable that George felt the commission as a relief, and he started as soon as the gig was ready. As he went out of the yard, Nora called after him to mind how he drove. Not that he had never driven before; but Mr. Ryle, or some one else, had always been in the gig with him. Now he was alone; and it served to bring his loss again more forcibly present to him.

He reached Barmester, and saw his sister Caroline, who was staying there on a visit.—She was not overwhelmed with grief, not by any means; on the contrary, she appeared to have taken the matter coolly and lightly.—The fact was, the little girl had no definite ideas on the subject of death. She had never been brought into contact with it, and could not at all realize the fact told her, that she would never see papa again. Bettter for the little heart perhaps that it was so, enough of sorrow comes with later years; and Mrs. Ryle may have judged wisely in deciding to keep the child where she was until after the funeral.

When George reached home, he found the house in a commotion. Nora, Ann Canham, Molly and Treve were in excitement in the front room. It appeared that an intimation had been received of the county coroner holding his inquest, and Nora was in a state of demonstrative indignation in consequence. Though a sensible, well informed woman in general, Nora had no very definite ideas upon the subject of inquests, any more than little Caroline Ryle had of death. She was apt to confound them with criminal trials; and the sharpest words she could put her tongue to were being lavished on the unconscious coroner. The rest took up her view of it.

"It is of no use putting yourself out about it, Nora," said George. "It must take place; it is the law. I was asked at Barmester whether the day for the inquest had been fixed."

"Where be the use on it, Master George?" asked Molly, simply. "It can't do no good; it can't bring the master back to life."

"Why don't they take us all up, and march us off to the assizes at Barmester, and try us for our lives?" burst forth Nora, in a heat. "Law, indeed! Precious laws, I think. I'd close the doors against 'em if I were the misses."

"I tell you, Nora, it must be," said George. "You don't understand."

"Not understand!" retorted Nora. "I hope I understood a little of things before you were born, Mr. George! "If your mamma was not become a poor lone widow, they'd not insult her so."

"But you do *not* understand, Nora," persisted George. "If a royal prince were to die by accident, there must be an inquest held over him. I am sure mamma must be hearing what you say from her room, and it will only pain her."

Nora made no reply. She was thoroughly put out, and began to fling the cups and saucers on the table rather than place them. It was far beyond the usual hour of tea time, and George looked surprised. "Have you not taken tea?" he asked.

"Tea, no!" chafed Nora. "Who was to think of tea, or anything else, with their inquests? I'll get you a cup directly, George; for I suppose you want it. That is, if the kettle has not boiled its bottom out. Go and see after it," she said, nodding authoritatively to Molly."

Molly withdrew. Ann Canham, possibly taking it as a hint to herself, withdrew also. And Nora stood at the table, cutting bread and butter as usual. Stood quietly allowing her indignation to cool down. It may be that when she rememembered how near they were to the parlor, and what lay there, she felt ashamed at having spoken out so loudly.

Master Treve chose to take his tea in his mamma's chamber, with her; and it was carried up. Nora and George sat down alone. The shutters of the window were closed, and the room was bright with fire and candle; but to George all things were dreary.

"Why don't you eat?" asked Nora, presently, perceiving that the plate of bread and butter remained untouched.

"I am not hungry," replied George.

"Not hungry? Did you have tea at Barmester?"

"I did not have anything," he said.

"Now, look you here, George. If you are going to give way to your grief—. Mercy me! What's that?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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☞ A Pretty Little Sum.—The wealth of Ohio is estimated at one billion one hundred and eighty-seven million dollars.

☞ The well known authoress, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, died in New York last week at the age of 57. She was a pleasing writer of tales and sketches.

☞ It seems that the French *savants* who recently attempted to introduce the custom of eating horse-flesh have found some converts in our state. The Skowhegan Farmer says a horse, accidentally killed in that village, made first rate beef, "and is now administering to the creature comforts of one of our French families who do not imbibe the foolish prejudice so generally felt towards this kind of food."

☞ Tom Thumb is now thirty-four years old, stands thirty-three inches high, and weighs thirty-six pounds.

☞ One would think that the late very sensational dwarf wedding might have inspired some Stedman or Allen Butler to court the satirical muse with effect before this, but the only metrical commemoration of the event, thus far appearing, is an anonymous pamphlet in verse entitled "The Pigmies and the Priests," which is offered at a few of the book-stores to-day. This production, though lamentably weak as a general satire, and clumsily halting in measure, is sufficiently severe upon the Great Showman, whose ærial apotheosis is thus described in the concluding verse:—

"On a flying hippopotamus he rose into the air,
Throwing handbills to the masculines and tickets to the fair;
And from that day the people left the idols of the state,
And worshipped the enchanter, Bamboozleem the Great."

☞ Long-headed people look well before they go headlong into anything.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

Rejected Communications.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

## JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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## TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to The Post at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

## HOW TO DO IT.

During the whole course of the present rebellion, the people of the United States have been greatly edified by the comments of the European press upon the mode in which the war has been conducted. According to the general opinion of these foreign critics, our commanders have manifested an entire lack of military knowledge and ability, and our soldiers an almost equal want, if not absolutely of courage, at least of soldierly efficiency. According to these authorities the Union has at present very little to show for the amount of time, money and military strength that it has employed. In one word, the Americans, especially the Northern ones, have proved themselves almost ludicrously deficient in those qualities of mind and body which are necessary to the successful management of military affairs.

Of course, as befits a naturally modest and patient people, we inhabitants of the Western hemisphere have received these unfavorable criticisms and comparisons with a reasonable degree of shamefacedness and of silence. When we have spoken, we have generally apologized for our short-comings by a confession of our ignorance upon military matters, excusing it somewhat by our long career of peace. We have expressed a hope that in the course of time we should learn, and that at some very distant period we might even begin to strive to emulate those masters in the art of war, our French and English models.

But, in an evil day for our American modesty, the Emperor of the French—that great people to whom war is as natural as water to a duck, or as peace to an American—concluded that he would show us poor aborigines of the Western world, the way to do it. He would throw a few thousand troops into Mexico, conquer that unwarlike country in the turn of a sword, and having thus afforded us benighted Americans a proof of our great inferiority to Europeans in the art of war, be prepared to dictate to the raging sea of civil strife in the United States, thus far shalt thou flow, and here shall thy ensanguined waves be stayed.

But unfortunately for Louis Napoleon, and for Europe at large, the results of the Mexican campaign bid fair to produce an entirely different effect from what was probably intended. Instead of causing us Americans to mistrust still further our own military ability, it has only caused us to mistrust the wisdom of our European critics. We begin—of course with due fear and trembling at our own audacity—positively to believe that our own soldiers and generals are *superior* to those of Europe!

For, look at the facts. We ourselves once waged war against Mexico. Our American general, a man named Scott—and prophetically christened Winfield—landed at Vera Cruz with only about 10,000 men. And in the course of six months and five days, Scott and his little army—composed principally of volunteers—had besieged and captured Vera Cruz, and fought and won the sternly contested battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec—entering the City of Mexico only 6,000 strong, on the 14th of September, 1847, after another obstinate contest, protracted by the Mexicans until the invaders reached the very heart of their city.

On the other hand, these European masters of the art of war, landing at Vera Cruz with 20,000 men, have been in Mexico nearly a year, and done, as yet, comparatively nothing. Their force has been now for several months, if we are correctly informed, full 40,000—and yet the latest news would seem to indicate that their prospects are none of the brightest. With twice the number of troops that Scott led, and with double the time, the French have absolutely nothing to show by the side of Scott's splendid array of victories! And the American army was composed principally of volunteers; while the French is composed of the veterans who in Algiers, the Crimea and Italy, have shown that they are entitled to be ranked among the best troops of Europe.

Really, in view of the French campaign in Mexico, we think it becomes our European critics to say as little as possible about the military incapacity of the Americans.

## OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We are pleased to see that more of our readers are beginning to appreciate the liberal character of our Sewing Machine offer. We copy several letters recently received:—

FREDERICK, MD, Feb. 14, 1863.

*Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:*—The Premium Sewing Machine is at hand; *it is up, and works finely; indeed, I could not wish it to work better.* Yours, &c.,

LEWIS I. RAMSBURGH.

KEOKUK, IOWA, Feb. 8th, 1863.

*Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:*—I received the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine as premium for getting the club for your paper—for which, please accept my thanks.

MRS. E. O. JUDD.

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 13th, 1863.

*Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:*—The Sewing Machine came safe to hand last Monday, for which I return the warmest thanks of my daughters to you, for it is they who are to use it. They have not got it started as yet, but are pleased with it and the recommendations of those that have used the same kind. Yours, respectfully,

SAMUEL C. LEWIS.

BATAVIA, ILL., Feb. 20, 1863.

*Messrs. Editors:*—I am at fault in not advising you of the receipt of the Sewing Machine. It came to hand in due season, and my wife is very much pleased with it; it works well. Please accept my thanks, and also apology for not advising you more promptly.

Yours, truly, E. S. SMITH.

## REBEL SENTIMENTS.

The *Richmond Enquirer* of a recent date says:—

"Now, as to the 'distinguished citizen' and his Northwestern *canard*—one is tempted to wish that all the reliable gentlemen and intelligent ladies were in Castle Thunder. No more impudent nonsense has yet appeared than that which they have sent us from Mobile this time. We all know, indeed, and are to know, that some of the Northwestern states are very sick of this war, heartily disaffected to the Washington Government, strongly disposed to sneak out of the debt they have incurred, and to ask alliance, or even union, with the Confederacy, 'if agreeable.' This is a wholesome state of feeling, and must produce its fruits of disorganization and discouragement in the Northwestern troops. But let us not mistake the matter. Not one of those states has yet pronounced itself in this sense, though some stump orators have. When they do take such action—that is, when their Legislatures and Governors accredit commissioners to Richmond for any such purpose, no doubt they will be received and answered according to the nature of their proposal. We presume they will be told that the first thing they have to do is to call back their forces to their own country, that then we will be willing to make treaties with them, but that as to an *union* with the Confederacy, under the 'old flag,' or any other, they come two years too late. Two years, and an abyss of horror and hatred, and the blood of our slaughtered brothers crying aloud from the ground, all prohibit that impious union. If they repudiate the debt they have contracted, and abandon the Government they have established, and recant vows, and break pledges, and eat dirt, it is well; we shall be charmed; the movement will suit us perfectly; and, although we shall not exactly respect the actors in that affair, yet we shall not be unwilling to trade with them—holding our noses a little—and to show them all suitable civilities—but at a proper distance.

"Before those authorized commissioners are despatched, however, we take the liberty of recommending to all our generals and military authorities, that if any distinguished citizens come prowling about our lines, purporting to be Northwestern commissioners, they arrest those persons and send them on to Gen. Winder. Let them look sharp after reliable gentlemen, and overhaul intelligent ladies. Otherwise, where is the use of Castle Thunder?

"The moral of all this, the lesson we have to learn from all the rumors, both of French mediation and of Northwestern revolution, is, that now—now more than ever—our army should be kept full, and strong, and ready. Believe it, soldiers, you are our only friends. It is on your style of diplomacy we rely. That was a statesmanlike stroke of policy you made at Fredericksburg; you wrote an able state paper at Murfreesboro, and we defy the world to produce a nobler official memorandum than you edited on the hills of Vicksburg.

"If Europe makes overtures of friendship; if the great Northwest comes crawling to our feet, it is because you stand there, Confederate soldiers, under your glorious battle-flag, and defy all the ends of the earth to haul it down."

THE UNIVERSE—DISCOVERY OF A WONDER OF THE SKIES.—Wm. Mitchell, Chairman of the Committee upon the Observatory at Harvard, Mass., in his recent report, alludes to the discovery in the seeming neighborhood of Sirius, by means of the gigantic refractor of Mr. Alvan Clark, an object which had escaped the space penetrating power of any other telescope. This body has been since seen and observed upon by Mr. Bond at the Observatory, and though the observation of years may be required absolutely to identify this as the perturbing power, yet its apparent proximity to Sirius, and most all of its direction from it, leave little doubt that this is indeed the object hitherto known only by its effects. Thus we have added to the catalogue, not a new star only, but a magnificent wonder; and we may still be reminded of one of the remarks of La Place, and certainly a very impressive one—"That which we know is little, but which we know not is immense."

☞ An admirer of a prima donna, at Berlin, sent her lately two magnificent robes with a *billet doux*, in which he informed her that he would call upon her in the evening, to know which of the two she had selected. Shortly before the appointed hour, he received the following answer:—"I find the robes equally elegant, so that a selection is quite impossible. I shall, therefore, keep both, and you will have no occasion to call upon me."

☞ In England, a boy, pursued by a bull in Erith marshes, rushed over a fence on to a railroad, just as the train was passing. The boy, hard pressed, crossed the track and just escaped the engine, which killed the bull on the spot, the train passing on as if nothing had happened.

☞ A [illegible]—Tom Thumb's marriage.

## AMERICA THE OLD WORLD.

### BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

First-born among the Continents, though so much later in culture and civilization than some of more recent birth, America, so far as her physical history is concerned, has been falsely denominated the *New World*. Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters, hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth beside; and while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched an unbroken line of land from Nova Scotia to the far West.

In the present state of our knowledge, our conclusions respecting the beginning of the earth's history, the way in which it took form and shape as a distinct, separate planet, must, of course, be very vague and hypothetical. Yet the progress of science is so rapidly reconstructing the past that we may hope to solve even this problem; and to one who looks upon man's appearance upon the earth as the crowning work in a succession of creative acts, all of which have had relation to his coming in the end, it will not seem strange that he should at last be allowed to understand a history which was but the introduction to his own existence. It is my belief that not only the future, but the past also, is the inheritance of man, and that we shall yet conquer our lost birthright.

Even now our knowledge carries us far enough to warrant the assertion that there was a time when our earth was in a state of igneous fusion, when no ocean bathed it and no atmosphere surrounded it, when no wind blew over it and no rain fell upon it, but an intense heat held all its materials in solution. In those days the rocks which are now the very bones and sinews of our mother earth—her granites, her porphyries, her basalts, her syenites—were melted into a liquid mass. As I am writing for the unscientific reader, who may not be familiar with the facts through which these inferences have been reached, I will answer here a question which, were we talking together, he might naturally ask in a somewhat skeptical tone. How do you know that this state of things ever existed, and, supposing that the solid materials of which our earth consists were ever in a liquid condition, what right have you to infer that this condition was caused by the action of heat upon them? I answer, because it is acting upon them still; because the earth we tread is but a thin crust floating on a liquid sea of fire; because the agencies that were at work then are at work now, and the present is the logical sequence of the past. From artesian wells, from mines, from geysers, from hot springs, a mass of facts has been collected proving incontestably the heated condition of all materials at a certain depth below the earth's surface; and if we need more positive evidence, we have it in the fiery eruptions that even now bear fearful testimony to the molten ocean seething within the globe and forcing its way out from time to time. The modern progress of Geology has led us by successive and perfectly connected steps back to a time when what is now only an occasional and rare phenomenon was the normal condition of our earth; when those internal fires were inclosed in an envelope so thin that it opposed but little resistance to their frequent outbreak, and they constantly forced themselves through this crust, pouring out melted materials that subsequently cooled and consolidated on its surface. So constant were these eruptions, and so slight was the resistance they encountered, that some portions of the earlier rock-deposits are perforated with numerous chimneys, narrow tunnels as it were, bored by the liquid masses that poured out through them and greatly modified their first condition.

The question at once suggests itself, How was even this thin crust formed? what should cause any solid envelope, however slight and filmy when compared to the whole bulk of the globe, to form upon the surface of such a molten mass? At this point of the investigation the geologist must appeal to the astronomer; for in this vague and nebulous border-land, where the very rocks lose their outlines and flow into each other, where matter exists only in its essential elements, not yet specialized into definite forms and substances,—there the two sciences meet. Astronomy shows us our planet thrown off from the central mass of which it once formed a part to move henceforth in an independent orbit of its own. That orbit, it tells us, passed through celestial spaces cold enough to chill this heated globe, and of course to consolidate it externally. We know, from the action of similar causes on a smaller scale and on comparatively insignificant objects immediately about us, what must have been the effect of this cooling process upon the heated mass of the globe. All substances when heated occupy more space than they do when cold. Water, which expands when freezing, is the only exception to this rule. The first effect of cooling the surface of our planet must have been to solidify it, and thus to form a film or crust over it. That crust would shrink as the cooling process went on; in consequence of the shrinking, wrinkles and folds would arise upon it, and here and there, where the tension was too great, cracks and fissures would be produced. In proportion as the surface cooled, the masses within would be affected by the change of temperature outside of them, and would consolidate internally also, the crust gradually thickening by this process.

But there was another element without the globe, equally powerful in building it up. Fire and water wrought together in this work; if not always harmoniously, at least with equal force and persistency. I have said that there was a time when no atmosphere surrounded the earth; but one of the first results of the cooling of its crust must have been the formation of an atmosphere, with all the phenomena connected with it—the rising of vapors, their condensation into clouds, the falling of rains, the gathering of waters upon its surface. Water is a very active agent of destruction, but it works over again the materials it pulls down or wears away, and builds them up anew in other forms. As soon as an ocean washed over the consolidated crust of the globe, it would begin to abrade the surfaces upon which it moved, gradually loosening and detaching materials, to deposit them again as sand or mud or pebbles at its bottom in successive layers, one above another. Thus, in analyzing the crust of the globe, we find at once two kinds of rocks, the respective work of fire and water: the first poured out from the furnaces within, and cooling, as one may see any mass of metal cool that is poured out from a smelting-furnace to-day, in solid crystalline masses, without any division into separate layers or leaves; and the latter in successive beds, one over another, the heavier materials below, the lighter above, or sometimes in alternate layers, as special causes may have determined successive deposits of lighter or heavier materials at some given spot.

There were many well-fought battles between geologists before it was understood that these two elements had been equally active in building up the crust of the earth. The ground was hotly contested by the disciples of the two geological schools, one of which held that the solid envelope of the earth was exclusively due to the influence of fire, while the other insisted that it had been accumulated wholly under the agency of water. This difference of opinion grew up very naturally; for the great leaders of the two schools lived in different localities, and pursued their investigations over regions where the geological phenomena were of an entirely opposite character,—the one exhibiting the effect of volcanic eruptions, the other that of stratified deposits. It was the old story of the two knights on opposite sides of the shield, one swearing that it was made of gold, the other that it was made of silver, and almost killing each other before they discovered that it was made of both. So prone are men to hug their theories and shut their eyes to any antagonistic facts, that it is related of Werner, the great leader of the Aqueous school, that he was actually on his way to see a geological locality of especial interest, but, being told that it confirmed the views of his opponents, he turned round and went home again, refusing to see what might force him to change his opinions. If the rocks did not confirm his theory, so much the worse for the rocks,—he would none of them. At last it was found that the two great chemists, fire and water, had worked together in the vast laboratory of the globe, and since then scientific men have decided to work together also; and if they still have a passage at arms occasionally over some doubtful point, yet the results of their investigations are ever drawing them nearer to each other,—since men who study truth, when they reach their goal, must always meet at last on common ground.

The rocks formed under the influence of heat are called, in geological language, the Igneous, or, as some naturalists have named them, the Plutonic rocks, alluding to their fiery origin, while the others have been called Aqueous or Neptunic rocks, in reference to their origin under the agency of water.—A simpler term, however, quite as distinctive, and more descriptive of their structure, is that of the stratified and unstratified or massive rocks. We shall see hereafter how the relative position of these two kinds of rocks and their action upon each other enables us to determine the chronology of the earth, to compare the age of her mountains, and if we have no standard by which to estimate the positive duration of her continents, to say at least which was the first-born among them and how their characteristic features have been successively worked out. I am aware that many of these inferences, drawn from what is called "the geological record," must seem to be the work of the imagination. In a certain sense this is true,—for imagination, chastened by correct observation, is our best guide in the study of Nature. We are too apt to associate the exercise of this faculty with works of fiction, while it is in fact the keenest detective of truth.

Besides the stratified and unstratified rocks, there is still a third set, produced by the contact of these two, and called, in consequence of the changes thus brought about, the Metamorphic rocks. The effect of heat upon clay is to bake it into slate; limestone under the influence of heat becomes quicklime, or if subjected afterwards to the action of water, it is changed to mortar; sand under the same agency is changed to a coarse kind of glass. Suppose, then, that a volcanic eruption takes place in a region of the earth's surface where successive layers of limestone, of clay, and of sandstone have been previously deposited by the action of water. If such an eruption has force enough to break through these beds, the hot, melted masses will pour out through the rent, flow over its edges, and fill all the lesser cracks and fissures produced by such a disturbance. What will be the effect upon the stratified rocks? Wherever these liquid masses, melted by a heat more intense than can be produced by any artificial means, have flowed over them or cooled in immediate contact with them, the clays will be changed to slate, the limestone will have assumed a character more like marble, while the sandstones will be vitrified. This is exactly what has been found to be the case, wherever the stratified rocks have been penetrated by the melted masses from beneath. They have been themselves partially melted by the contact, and when they have cooled again, their stratification, though still perceptible, has been partly obliterated, and their substance changed. Such effects may often be traced in dikes, which are only the cracks in rocks filled by materials poured into them at some period of eruption when the melted masses within the earth were thrown out and flowed like water into any inequality or depression of the surface around. The walls that inclose such a dike are often found to be completely altered by contact with its burning contents, and to have assumed a character quite different from the rocks of which they make a part; while the mass itself which fills the fissure shows by the character of crystalisation that it has cooled more quickly on the outside, where it meets the walls, than at the centre.

The first two great classes of rocks, the unstratified and stratified rocks, represent different epochs in the world's physical history; the former mark its revolutions, while the latter chronicle its periods of rest. All mountains and mountain-chains have been upheaved by great convulsions of the globe, which rent asunder the surface of the earth, destroyed the animals and plants living upon it at the time, and were then succeeded by long intervals of repose, when all things returned to their accustomed order, ocean and river deposited fresh beds in uninterrupted succession, the accumulation of materials went on as before, a new set of animals and plants were introduced, and a time of building up and renewing followed the time of destruction. These periods of revolution are naturally more difficult to decipher than the periods of rest; for they have so torn and shattered the beds they uplifted, disturbing them from their natural relations to each other, that it is not easy to reconstruct the parts and give them coherence and completeness again. But within the last half century this work has been accomplished in many parts of the world with an amazing degree of accuracy, considering the disconnected character of the phenomena to be studied; and I think I shall be able to convince my readers that the modern results of geological investigation are perfectly sound logical inferences from well-established facts. In this, as in so many other things, we are but "children of a larger growth." The world is the geologist's great puzzle-box; he stands before it like the child to whom the separate pieces of his puzzle remain a mystery till he detects their relation and sees where they fit, and then his fragments grow at once into a connected picture beneath his hand.

It is curious fact in the history of progress, that, by a kind of intuitive insight, the earlier observers seem to have had a wider, more comprehensive recognition of natural phenomena as a whole than their successors, who far excel them in their knowledge of special points, but often lose their grasp of broader relations in the more minute investigation of details. When geologists first turned their attention to the physical history of the earth, they saw at once certain great features which they took to be the skeleton and basis of the whole structure. They saw the great masses of granite forming the mountains and mountain-chains, with the stratified rocks resting against their slopes; and they assumed that granite was the first primary agent, and that all stratified rocks must be of a later formation. Although this involved a partial error, as we shall see hereafter, when we trace the upheavals of granite even into comparatively modern periods, yet it held a great geological truth also; for, though granite formations are by no means limited to those early periods, they are nevertheless very characteristic of them, and are indeed the great foundation-stones on which the physical history of the globe is built.

Starting from this landmark the earlier geologists divided the world's history into three periods. As the historian recognizes as distinct phases in the growth of the human race Ancient History, the Middle Ages, and Modern History, so they distinguished between what they called the Primary period, when, as they believed, no life stirred on the surface of the earth, the Secondary or middle period, when animals and plants were introduced and the land began to assume continental proportions, and the Tertiary period, or comparatively modern geological times, when the aspect of the earth as well as its inhabitants was approaching more nearly to the present condition of things. But as their investigations proceeded, they found that every one of these great ages of the world's history was divided into numerous lesser epochs, each of which had been characterized by a peculiar set of animals and plants, and had been closed by some great physical convulsion, that disturbed and displaced the materials accumulated during such a period of rest. The further study of these subordinate periods showed that what had been called Primary formations, the volcanic or Plutonic rocks, formerly believed to be confined to the first geological ages, belonged to all the periods, successive eruptions having taken place at all times, pouring up through the accumulated deposits, penetrating and injecting their cracks, fissures, and inequalities, as well as throwing out large masses on the surface. Up to our own day there has never been a period when such eruptions have not taken place, though they have been constantly diminishing in frequency and extent. In consequence of this discovery, that rocks of igneous character were by no means exclusively characteristic of the earliest times, they are now classified together upon very different grounds from those on which geologists first united them; though, as the name *Primary* was long retained, we still find it applied to them, even in geological works of quite recent date. This defect of nomenclature is to be regretted as likely to mislead the student, because it seems to refer to time; whereas it no longer signifies the age of the rocks, but simply their character. The name Plutonic or Massive rocks is, however, now almost universally substituted for that of Primary.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ There is not a stream of trouble so deep and swift-running that we may not cross safely over it, if we have courage to steer and strength to pull.

☞ The man that forgets a great deal that has happened, has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

☞ "Never despair of the Republic."

☞ Ruskin, in his own forcible way, shows up the feeling of the British Parliament during the terrible Crimean campaign. "I noticed that there never came news by telegraph of the explosion of a powder barrel, or the loss of thirty men by a sortie, but the Parliament lost confidence immediately in the justness of the war, reopened the question whether we should have engaged in it, and remained in a doubtful and repentant state of mind, until one of the enemy's powder barrels blew up also, upon which they were immediately satisfied again that the war was a wise and necessary one." This admirably hits off that class of fickle, vacillating men, whose feelings in regard to a great conflict rise or fall with each success or disaster, like the price of gold or of the fancy stocks at the Brokers' Board.

☞ There is a man out West who labors under the delusion that "Hon." placed before a man's name stands for *honest*.

☞ In the south of France a harvest of two and a half millions of pounds weight of flower leaves is gathered every year, and sold for about a quarter of a million pounds sterling. It consists of 100,000 pounds of leaves of the orange blossom, 500,000 pounds of rose leaves, 100,000 pounds of jasmine blooms, 60,000 pounds of violets, 35,000 pounds of acacia buds, 30,000 pounds tuberoses, and 5,000 pounds of jonquil flowers.

☞ Mr. Tennyson has completed two new poems, "Boadicea" and "Enoch the Fisherman." The London Standard says of the latter that it is a dramatic poem worked out in powerful and even harrowing detail. But we don't believe the Standard; for "harrowing" detail is not Tennyson's forte. It is curious to see how much he uses the early British legends, and always with wonderful effect.

☞ Kentucky manufactured tobacco lately sold in Louisville at 68 cents per pound, the highest price ever paid.

☞ A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in Psalms for his text—"And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

☞ The Federal rams on the Mississippi are of the *Southdown* species.

☞ "Mad dog! mad dog!" cried about fifty nondescripts. "How dy'e know he's mad?" "Why, he sot on his tail, trod on his shadder, and ran inter a sassage shop!" "Nuff ced! Kill him! kill him!" KI!! KI!! KI!! I!! I!! KWENKE!"

☞ The experience of many a life—What a fool I have been. And we suppose that one object of a long life is attained, when a man finds that out.

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

## THE
## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

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Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

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Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

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## LATEST NEWS.

### The Vicksburg Cut-off Complete—The Gunboats Passed Through.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The Mercury has a special dispatch from Cairo of yesterday's date, detailing the following items:

Cairo is full of startling rumors. It is said that on the 26th the Vicksburg cut-off was completed, the dredging machines having been at work for several days. It is asserted that the transports have also passed through, and the gunboats are preparing to follow after. The rebel batteries at Warrenton are to be reduced.

The whole force is to be sent against Port Hudson.

It is also stated that the small gunboat fleet have reached the Yazoo river, via Union Lake, and are playing the mischief in the rear of Vicksburg. It is also reported that the boats have got into Red River, via Lake Providence.

There are likewise reports of serious disasters to the Union troops and of our forces and gunboats being captured, but these are not credited.

### Miscellaneous.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 28.—The British frigate Petrel arrived in Hampton Roads last night from Charleston. The officers report that the rebels have constructed a strong network across the channel to Charleston harbor, and that the network is filled with torpedoes designed to blow up any of the Federal fleet that may attempt to enter the harbor.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 28.—A special dispatch to the Commercial from Indianapolis says the withdrawal of the Union members of the House on Wednesday has perhaps put an end to further legislation in that state during this session. The cause of the bolting was an attempt on the part of the majority to pass an unconstitutional measure, stripping the United States government of all military power in the state.

Gen. Foster has returned to Newbern, and is preparing for another expedition.

The expedition through Yazoo Pass had reached Moon Lake on the 22d of February.

The capture of the Queen of the West is fully confirmed, but she appears to have made a more glorious defence than the rebel accounts say.

General John Cochrane has resigned his commission.

The steamer Africa, from Queenstown on the 15th ult., is at New York. Earl Russell had officially declined the throne of Greece, in the name of Queen Victoria, on behalf of Prince Alfred, for diplomatic and other powerful reasons. The news from Poland is not of much importance, but is of a very interesting character. Victor Hugo, Garibaldi and Prince Czartoriski had written in support of the cause of the struggling people. Official reports prove that the battle of Wengrow was a very sanguinary affair, both to the Russians and Poles. Some French students had been arrested for cheering in Paris for the cause of the Poles. Austria is accused by some parties of having encouraged the insurrection in Poland. Prussian sympathised with Russia very cordially in the crisis.

☞ Admitting yourself out of court, is a legal phrase, signifying a liberality of concession to your opponent by which you destroy your own cause. This excess of candor was well illustrated by the Irishman, who boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed an auditor, "that is a great distance; it must have been when the days were longest." "To be sure it was; I admit that," cried the ingenious Hibernian.

☞ The royal family of Greece is the fifth which has disappeared during the last few years. King Otho represents the tenth sovereign family sent into exile, following the Wasa of Sweden, the Bourbons of Spain, those of Naples and Parma, the house of Este of Modena, that of Don Pedro in Portugal, the Bourbons of France, the d'Orleans and the Grand Ducal family of Tuscany. These ten families reckon more than ninety members, without including the husbands and wives belonging to other sovereign houses.

☞ LITTLE RHODY.—Who talks of leaving "Little Rhody" out of a remodeled Union? Read and be ashamed:—According to the official reports sent to the Rhode Island Legislature, that state has furnished for the defences of the nation, by land and sea, sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six men—or thirty per cent. more than her quota of three years' men. Little Rhody has also disbursed $70,000 in the shape of bounties and extra pay to her soldiers.

☞ POLITICIANS.—Americans, when too idle and worthless to succeed in any other occupation, turn their attention, as a dernier resort, to politics, confident that laziness and unworthiness will constitute no bar to their success as office-seekers. These worthies are the old class of courtiers, under changed circumstances, and a new name.

☞ A writer in the Boston Musical Times ridicules the music furnished at private parties. He says he doesn't often go into society, but found himself at one the other evening. The daughter of the house, a pretty, graceful girl, sat down to the piano to sing, and enunciating the words with the usual distinctness of lady vocalists, as well as he can remember, this was what he heard:—

> The silv'——waves——beside
> I love——gather——flowers
> From——smiling——bowers.
> I love——break—day——mark
> The——tremble——dark.
> But oh——far——to be
> With thee, mine own beloved, with thee!
> Two gypsey maids are we.

☞ "Sambo, do you know the difference between a mason and an Anti-mason?"

"Yes, sar, I belieb I docs."

"Well, what is it?"

"If my brain tell me de trut, and' it neber fails, *de Mason is de man what lays de mortar, an' de Anti-Mason de man what carries de hod!*"

☞ The Ost Deutsche Post mentions a strange custom which prevails in Northern Bohemia. Every betrothed bride, however rich she may be, is obliged to go and beg in the neighboring villages, for the feathers necessary to make her bed. She goes on those peregrinations, which sometimes last several days, in full dress and accompanied by a poor woman. Every one gives her a friendly reception, and she always carries back an ample provision of feathers.

☞ There are men who chew misfortunes as asses chew thistles.

## RETROSPECTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My early home—my childhood's home!
Amid those green old trees,
How fresh it comes from memories flown
With hum of birds and bees.
A magic draught from "*long ago*"
Brings visions fair and bright,
Of hallowed scenes that calmly glow
Like glorious stars at night.

I see the sights, I hear the sounds
That years agone were here—
The merry shout, the joyous bounds,
Ere hearts knew aught of fear.
Life's sad, dark hues disturbed not then
The golden web I wove,
For warp and woof are radiant when
No care the heart doth move.

I sit upon my father's knee,
And comb his raven hair,
While sisters daily full of glee
Round mother's "old arm chair."
The knitting-pins buzz merrily,
As she her stocking plies,
The children watch and smile to see
How fast *one* finger flies

Anon out doors our Kate has flown,
The rest her footsteps trace—
I leave my father's hair with comb
Dangling above his face.
The silvery laugh I hear again,
Its ringing echoes come—
Some childish voice I hear as then,
Or is it memories tone?

We climb again the walnut bough,
And shake its treasures down,
Its frost-changed leaves upon the brow
We bind a brilliant crown:
Then wander 'neath the apple trees
The golden fruit to eat,
And toss the cores to hungry bees
That swarm around our feet.

The rippling brook comes dancing on
O'er pebbles smooth and round,
Its murmuring music steals upon
The ear with lulling sound:
With shoeless feet and gladsome cry
Its depths we wade across—
Along its banks like birds we fly
To shun the drops we toss.

Oh, many are the memories dear
That gather round my heart;
As thought goes back to scenes once here
The blinding tears will start.
The home, though changed, doth still remain,
But dear old things are gone,
The *place* alone is left the same—
All cherished ones have flown.

I sit alone and mourn the loss—
But yet it is not well,
Those wear the crown who bore the cross—
In Heaven's "great Cloister" dwell.
Though dark the changes Time hath wrought,
No murmurings shall be heard,
The soul a holier work is taught—
More earnest hopes are stirred.

LUCINDA B. BROWNE.

## MY FRIEND'S WEDDING-DAY

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

The droshky took me safe enough to my old quarters at Grignard's snug hotel, not a dozen yards from the Nevskoi itself. I always put up at Grignard's, in preference to the much more pretentious and palatial edifices of which St. Petersburg has no lack. It was small, to be sure, but it was quiet, comfortable, and—cheap.

As I passed the wire cage which is common in the halls of foreign hotels, and through the slim bars of which the letters of expected guests peeped forth, as from a prison grating, I cast a cursory glance on the contents, and saw my own name, which I had not thought to find on the back of a letter there just yet. The eyes of Jules followed mine.

"Ah, pardon, M. Pearson," said he, "pardon, one thousand times. I neglected to remember that a note came for Monsieur two days ago."

And, whipping out his key, he opened the tiny safe, and handed the letter, with a deprecatory shrug and a bow, to its rightful owner. I broke it open at once, but as it was too long to be pursued at a glance, in the quick way in which we extract the purport of most masculine epistles, I set it by to read after dinner. After dinner, then, as I sipped my Beaune in the trim *salle* of the hotel, I waded conscientiously through the letter. It was from a dear old friend, long settled in Russia, Ned Vaughan by name. The writer was a member of my own profession, and we had been educated together at the same Institute (they called it an Institute, but it was a school, though only for big boys who studied technical matters,) and had been fast friends ever since. And now Vaughan, who had a leaning towards experimental agriculture, was right-hand man to a great Russian noble, deep in the interior, and was engaged to be married to the daughter of the Scotch superintendent of the Prince's cotton factory. Indeed the wedding-day had been fixed, and it was to invite me to be present at the ceremony that Vaughan had written. A long letter, such a one as no man would be justified in inflicting upon a friend, except at a time like that, when a new life, with all its novel cares, hopes, and joys, was about to begin. My friend was not to remain at his present station. He and his young wife were to remove to one of Prince Emindoff's Asiatic estates, far more extensive than the European property on which Ned had been long employed, and there he was to have a liberal salary and full authority to change everything that impeded his plans, from the caftans of the peasantry to the shape of the ploughshares. He was full of buoyant hope, of praises of his Emma—that was her name, derived from her English mother, who had been dead some years—and of fair dreams of the future. But he vowed that the measure of his felicity would be incomplete, unless I were present to be "best man" at the wedding, to spend a month with him on the estate, and to bid them good speed when they should start for their honeymoon trip across the Oural range, and seek a new home.

Ned tried very hard to tempt me. He described the capital sport which he could give me, since the game in the Prince's well-stocked forest was, during the lord's absence, at the joint disposal of the German steward and English engineer. He urged that this was a capital chance of seeing something of a little-visited part of Russia, where the peasantry retained customs and quaint peculiarities which I could not find in the better-known parts. And he raised my curiosity on the subject of the pictures, statues, and thousand articles rich and rare, collected by the father of the present Prince, and now left neglected and unseen at Batschuvatz, in a palace inhabited by servants alone.

All this was very attractive, but two considerations presented themselves on the other hand. First, would not the expense be too great for my slender purse? secondly, had I the time to spare? It so happened that both these problems were solved in a manner which I considered satisfactory. On repairing to the office of the Ingrain Extension railway company, I was informed that in consequence of the non-arrival of some plant and rolling stock from England, my services would not be required for some weeks, during which time I might draw my salary, but might dispose of my time as I pleased. And a consultation with an experienced resident to whom I had brought introductions, satisfied me that a very moderate sum would serve to convey my person and portmanteau, in that bright summer weather, from Moscow to the government of Mohilew, where Vaughan lived.

"You'll find plenty of dust and flies, but the roads will be easy to traverse, and posting, except when deep snow or mud renders many horses needful, is cheap in Russia," said my informant.

"However, Mr. Pearson, you had better keep your eyes open to what goes on around you. The people are in a state of strange ferment, quite unlike the old torpor that used to mark Russian society, and the prestige of government is much impaired. I should hardly care, were I you, to sojourn over long in the ruder provinces at present."

I could hardly help smiling at this well-meant caution; but to all such hints I had consistently turned a deaf ear for years, and so it was now.

"A pretty life I should have led," muttered I to myself, "had I always been *gobemouche* enough to swallow the rawhead and bloody-bones stories told me by honest alarmists. What have *I* to fear, whatever the papers may say of chronic insurrection and discontent? Pshaw! I am neither Muscovite noble nor police spy, to dread the popular vengeance. I will go."

And I did go. First by railway to Moscow, then behind the swift Troika, with their merry music of chiming bells and clanging hoofs, along the dusty summer roads that led to Batschuvatz, a place situated on the banks of the Dnieper, less than a hundred versts from the city of Mohilew. It was just the time of year when summer is mellowing gradually into autumn, and the long continuance of warm and dry weather had wrought a change in the aspect of the country. The swamps were dried so as to afford a passage over quagmires, which in most seasons could support no human tread, and the morasses were bright with berries,—the cranberry, the bilberry, the strawberry,—while rare wild flowers blossomed unheeded among the peaty hillocks beside the rush-grown pools. The pine forests were fragrant with the peculiar aromatic scent which the millions of resin-bearing stems exhaled; the rye and barley, the red wheat and the root crops all flourished bravely, ripening under the genial sunshine, and I saw gloomy Russia look her best, as it were, in that bright weather.

But there were other alterations in the land which rather perplexed me. The bearing of the people was not what it had been when I travelled through the Northern provinces, in the time of the former Czar. Then I had seen a good deal of degradation, harshness, and oppression, certainly, but also a good deal of careless mirth and jollity. The people were accustomed to sing and revel like negroes on a holiday. Now I heard no songs, except the plaintive chant which my drover addressed to his active horses, after the fashion of Russian post-boys, and did not observe the blithe groups gathered round the door of some tavern where the vodka and quass were in high repute. Hats no longer flew off when my equipage halted to change horses, as once was the case, when the humblest voyager in European attire was regarded as a possible nobleman, or, at any rate, as a privileged member of that official legion, the Tchinn. And yet it was not that the population had become apathetic or indifferent. On the contrary, I had never seen such large numbers of persons out of doors, so many knots of men in eager converse, such voluble assemblages of female gossips, or such keen, inquisitive glances as were bestowed on me in town and hamlet.

But there was no longer the old abject deference, or the stare of half-brutish wonder, to be read in those dark Mongolian eyes that met mine wherever a party of mujiks lounged beside the forge, or at the end of one of those creaking wooden bridges that span the countless streams of Russia. There was curiosity, there was the restless brightness of a suddenly aroused intelligence, and something more—an uneasy, craving wistfulness, as of those who battened on hope, and were sick of waiting for its fulfillment—though the village authorities seemed sullen and low-spirited, and the postmasters, whom I recollected as rough autocrats in their own domains, looked as if they were afraid of their own grooms and drivers.

At last I reached the boundary of Prince Emindoff's large estates, and driving rapidly through forest glades and green meadows, among fields whose scientific [illegible] announced Vaughan's teaching, and through hamlets rather neater than most of those I had traversed, reached the village and palace of Batschuvatz. It was so in this instance. The palace itself was a huge white pile in the Italian style, with marble columns and portico, and a vast frontage, where the glittering windows looked out upon a small park stocked with tame deer, a series of costly gardens, and the village. Those gardens were a study in themselves. The Jardin Anglais, so called, with its shrubbery, lawn, and wilderness, was the creation of the present lord of the soil; the French garden, with gleaming statues, fountains, clipped hedges, and formal terraces, was the fancy of the late Prince, while a still older proprietor had indulged a whim for a Dutch garden, now much neglected. There were orangeries and hot-houses, however, that must have cost an immense sum, and the stables were enormous. As for the village, it was a collection of wooden houses and turf huts, with a bath of handsome dimensions, and a church in the usual Byzantine style.

Besides these, there was a monstrous erection, the cotton factory, with its tall chimney, its many windows, and the long ranges of sheds about it, and at the angle of the park wall appeared what seemed to me a section of a Parisian street that had strayed somehow to these Muscovite solitudes. Three or four gaunt stone houses, shouldering one another, and contrasting oddly with the Oriental air of church and village.

The postilion pointed with his whip to this block of dwellings, and curtly informed me that the "foreign employes" lived there. A few moments more, and the horses whirled the light carriage up to the door of one of the houses, out of which came Vaughan, sunburnt and healthy of aspect, to bid me heartily welcome. I was inducted into a spacious suite of apartments, only half furnished, to be sure, but large enough to accommodate a numerous family.

"Choose your own rooms, George," said my host, laughing; "for my part, I live in a corner of this big mansion, like a mouse in a cheese. It was a whim of Emindoff's to lodge his staff in this exuberant fashion, but I have something more English here."

And opening a door, he showed me a small, snug sitting-room, whose Turkey carpet and plain mahogany furniture possessed an air of neatness and comfort quite alien to the dusty splendors of the other apartments. At the other end of the passage were two other chambers, the door of one of which Vaughan jerked open, revealing as neat and cheery a bed-room as a bachelor could wish for.

"Can you make shift with these quarters, old fellow?—I thought so. Ivan, put the portmanteau down, so. I sleep opposite, and in general we leave the chief apartments to the undisturbed possession of the spiders. I dare say you will not be sorry to dine in half an hour's time."

After dinner my friend took me to the superintendent's house, and introduced me to Mr. Murray and his daughter. The latter I found to be a gentle, amiable girl enough, pretty perhaps, with her soft brown eyes and glossy brown hair, but not beautiful, nor, as far as I could judge, remarkably clever. Her father was a tall and stately old man, a little bowed with years, and with hair that was fast getting grey, but with a fine intelligent face. He had been very long a resident in Russia, by no means a healthy country for foreigners; but he was still vigorous and active, and I was not surprised when Vaughan informed me in a whisper that the old man's strength had once been almost gigantic, and that no peasant in the province could match him in feats of force or address. I took a great fancy to old Mr. Murray. Shrewd as he looked, there was a kindly smile hovering about his firm lips, and no one could talk to him without entertaining respect for him.

A very different sentiment was inspired by the appearance and conversation of Herr Wohler, the German steward, who, with his wife and children, were taking a neighborly cup of tea with the Murrays, on the occasion of my introduction to Vaughan's future wife and father-in-law. One glance at this man's fat yellow face was enough to inspire dislike, while his oily voice, and language of fulsome compliment, matched well enough with the falseness of his smile, and the restlessness of his cold eyes. Vaughan had warned me that I should not like Herr Wohler, who was one of those dishonest sycophants not uncommon in Russia, and who ground the poor as sedulously as they flattered the rich. He was no friend to Mr. Murray, having a jealous aversion to all who stood high in the Prince's esteem, but his bearing was bland enough, and the two families were on coldly civil terms. As for the Frau Wohler, she was one of those stolid housewives which Germany produces in such plenty, with very few ideas beyond scrubbing and cookery, and perfectly content to pass a life in silent knitting over a coffee-cup. She said little, and that little consisted in laments over the slovenliness of Russian servants, by whom her patience had been tested for fifteen years, and in regrets for her distant Rhineland.

"Ach, himmel! when shall I ever see it again!" said the poor woman with a sigh.

"Sooner than you dream of, perhaps, Lotchen," returned her husband, in a moody tone.

Madame Wohler, who was evidently under great fear of her consort, turned her dull wondering eyes upon him, and I saw a gleam of hope steal over her heavy features. Poor thing! the sojourn in Russia had been a dreary banishment to her, far from the calm gossip, and tidy respectability, and cheap pleasures, of the Fatherland.

But Wohler said never a word more. He seemed to forget that the remark which had so affected his wife had been uttered at all, but sat with his eyes fixed in an abstracted way on the tall brass samovar, from the ornamented top of which the steam was lazily escaping, and let his tea cool unregarded for awhile, busy with his own thoughts. Then he abruptly rose, took leave of Mr. and Miss Murray, saying as little as might be, and departed with his obedient wife and pale children. We all seemed to breathe more freely when Wohler's presence had been withdrawn.

"What is the matter with the steward, I wonder;" said Vaughan, carelessly, "he has been subject to these odd changes of mood, off and on, for months. Is it ill health, or is the old rogue's remorse for past wrongs beginning to awake, and will he surprise the Prince by sending him 'conscience money,' as folks in England do to the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"That would be a good round sum, if all tales be true," observed Mr. Murray, shaking his head incredulously. "I'm thinking the man *jalouses* Russia's fast growing no longer the Russia for him, and that he'd best be off home with his savings, instead of stopping to feather his nest further."

A long and desultory conversation ensued, in the course of which I learned that Wohler was presumed to be very well off indeed; having for eleven years been steward for the immense estate on which we then were, and whose owner was an absentee.

"I've nought but good to say of my employer, the young Prince Emindoff, who's a brave, generous boy, and a promising boy, considering he's a Russian," said the old Scotchman; "but I fear he's ganging the way to bring his noble to ninepence. He lives far away, in Rome, Paris, Baden, all about, and people stare at his fine horses and carriages, and think what a grand thing it must be to be a boyard of Muscovy, and spend gold as if it came out of Fortunatus's purse. But I fear the gold's fairy gold, sirs, and fast turnin' to ivy leaves. The peasants won't work, won't pay obrok, nor rent, and the supplies are stopped."

"Do you mean, Mr. Murray," said I, much puzzled, "that the Prince receives nothing from this great estate? I had heard rumors of such things at St. Petersburg, but believed them to be exaggerated and absurd. Why, surely, if the serfs are set free, the land is still his."

"Indeed, Mr. Pearson, if you can persuade the peasants of that fact, you'll render our employer a very valuable service," said Mr. Murray, taking snuff. "They've got a notion obstinately rooted in their heads, that the land is *theirs*. They say their bodies belonged to the Prince, but now their dear Papa Czar has set them free, and given them the soil too: or, rather, confirmed them in their right to it, and even Wohler can't screw a copeck out of them."

I asked if there were no legal remedy. Vaughan answered in the negative. The judges were distracted, and of various opinions, the inferior magistrates frightened, and to enforce a debt, except by the pressure of military execution, all but impossible. At the best of times, the tricky, evasive character of the Muscovite had rendered it difficult for a proprietor to get his exact due, though his subordinates often took much more, and now that the stimulus of the stick had been withdrawn, there was no remedy.

"This is no longer the Russia you remember, sir;" said old Mr. Murray; "no longer the Russia in which I've striven to guide my way honestly, without fear or favor, these forty years. The old system is dead—the Crimean war killed it outright. It was a bad system, but we haven't got much beyond chaos in its place. The peasant has no self-respect, and it will take years before he learns to give another his due, merely because it's owing. Fear was his mainspring, and now it's snapped."

I listened to this and other remarks with respect, but without conviction. Like most of my countrymen, I had heard with pleasure of the destruction of that system of serfage which bound the people to the soil, and held back Russia in the race of nations. And I was reluctant to believe that there could be a darker side to the fair picture of millions set free from a degrading bondage. But when I strolled next day with Vaughan through the village, and across a portion of the property, I saw a cause to rejoice inwardly, that my lines had not fallen in Russia. There was a strange look on the faces of the people, not exactly defiant, not exactly disrespectful, or hostile, but discontented and uneasy. It was evident that they were beginning to think, and that their thoughts were not wholly pleasant. Perhaps, too, I missed the old lip-service, the homage which every mujik once paid to the traveller from the West, or still more to those who exercised authority in the name of his lord. If I were silly enough to be vexed at this, I was wrong. Far better that the freed peasants should pass at once from Oriental subserviency to American bluntness of bearing, than they should remain on the level of the brutes, and out of the excess of their own servility, confer on a plain English wayfarer the titles of excellency and baron.

Still they had an air which hardly pleased me. Their manner did not denote bluff independence so much as restless discontent, and they stood on their thresholds gazing at us with lowering looks, and made short and ungracious answers to Ned's frank greeting.

"I am not sorry to be moving eastwards," said my friend with a sigh, as we crossed the meadows on our way back, "since I am told that the Tartars are teachable enough, and an ugly change has come over our mujiks here. And yet, poor creatures, it's not their fault. They have been treated like beasts of burden for so long a time, that it is hardly wonderful that arguments meant for men fail to touch them. Come and see the cotton mill; Murray has a right to be proud of it."

The cotton mill was indeed a very handsome factory, neat and well organized, thanks to the keen vigilance of the Scottish manager, and the awe which the peasantry entertained for his acute and firm, yet rigidly honest character.

"And yet they don't love him or understand him," said Vaughan, sadly; "though he has been their best friend, since he has stood many a time between them and Wohler, when the steward wanted to defraud them of half their due. Many a mill is closed, since forced labor stops, and this brings in little profit; but it goes on, because the serfs trusts Murray to pay them fairly for their work, and they own the mill is not theirs, as they fancy the fields are. But, oddly enough, ill as Wohler has served them, I imagine they like him better than my father-in-law that is to be—they can understand his character, and, in his place, would have put the screw on as he has done. But enough of this. Shall we have a day in the forest?"

We had not one, but several days of capital sport, killing quantities of feathered game, with several small deer, and a large "bag" of the dark-furred summer hares. But I was greatly disappointed at not having the chance of killing a bear, since I found that in the warm weather these animals are seldom to be found, since they retire to remote nooks in the tangled forest. Several boating trips down the Dnieper, and one or two picnics, served to pass away the time pleasantly, and as I saw more of Emma Murray, I felt less surprised at Vaughan's attachment. She was not pretty, to be sure, but was of a most unselfish and tender nature, with a temper and disposition that nothing seemed able to spoil. She had been educated at one of the most famous of those St. Petersburg schools where Russian girls acquire a varnish of Parisian accomplishments at great expense, but her innate simplicity and worth had triumphed even over that ordeal. She had been very glad to get back from the brilliant capital to her old father and the home of her youth, such as it was. And yet she must have had but a dull life of it at Batschuvatz, before Vaughan's arrival, since she had no companions of her own age, the young Wohlers being considerably her juniors, while the people around her were divided from her in character and feeling as by a yawning gulf.

It is not easy in a country district of Russia to be the friend of the poor. It may be said that there are no poor. Every one has enough coarse food to eat, and rather too much brandy to drink. There is a dead level of rude plenty, above which the serf cannot easily rise, and below which, before the emancipation, he could not sink; and the people neither lacked alms, nor counsel, nor instruction. The gentle English girl could not win affection or confidence from the peasantry of Prince Emindoff's estate. They took her presents willingly, but they never comprehended her interest in their welfare.

I must hurry on. The Prince's foresters and keepers were an exception to the general rule of the sullen demeanor of the peasantry. These well-clad fellows, in their neat sylvan garb, with their master's badge in silver on their caps, were perfectly respectful, willing, and obedient. The explanation of this was simple—they received regular wages, and knew that their living depended on the Prince's retention of his property, whereas a kind of illogical communism was rampant among the tillers of the soil. Among the foresters was a young man, Paul Gregovitch by name, whom I had seen before, and who was grateful to me for a service done him in former times. It was not a great service, it had cost me nothing, but the marvel was that a Muscovite should have remembered it in the hour of need. Paul, then quite a lad, had been permitted to accompany his father to St. Petersburg, to work on the *obrok* system, paying tribute to his owner out of his wages; he had ignorantly transgressed some of the stringent police regulations, and I had interceded with an officer in his behalf, thus saving him from a severe application of the "stick." Paul brightened up wonderfully at seeing me again, and was as fawningly attentive as a spaniel, poor fellow; for a Russian generally exaggerates every sentiment of hatred or liking; and in the hunting expeditions he constituted himself my special guide and attendant, addressed me as "count," and never spoke to me without first pulling off his fur cap.

And yet I thought there were times when Paul's sly dark eyes—he had the true Mongolian cast of features of his swarthy and flat-faced countrymen—were fixed on me with a mournful scrutiny not wholly reassuring, while I could not make out the cause of his curiosity as to the date of my departure.

"Are you in such a hurry to see the last of me, Paul?" I asked, one day, laughing, "that you are always hinting at my return to St. Petersburg?"

But Paul merely bowed, and begged pardon if he had offended me, saying that he was proud to wait on me, but that if he were "a great foreign lord like me, instead of a mujik," he should travel in the fine countries far away, and not linger in poor Black Russia, that was all.

And now my stay at Batschuvatz really began to draw to a close, and the wedding-day came nearer and nearer, and constant preparations were made for the young couple's journey to their new home in Asia.—The Asiatic estates of the Prince, once neglected, seemed now likely to afford his main source of revenue, since his European property, with the exception of some mines, paid nothing whatever. This was no isolated case. Far and near the same practical confiscation property prevailed. Scarcely a rouble could be wrung from the peasants, nor could labor be exacted by even the most adroit steward. Absentee proprietors, far off in the gay cities of South Europe, received with dismay the tidings of ruin which came instead of the plentiful remittances of former days. Some owners of land, happy in the possession of capital and energy, gave up to the freed serfs the soil they claimed, and undertook to create new sources of profit for themselves by draining swamps, felling woods, and carving out fresh farms from the uncultivated portions of their domains. Others besieged the government with petitions for loans, with demands for some new law that should enforce their just dues, or with calls for compensation.

Stormy meetings of the nobility took place, and violent debates ensued, not that any one wished or hoped to turn back the resistless flood of progress, but that the whole class of landed proprietors felt their condition one of anarchy and ruin. And then came the grim rejoinder of the excited people to the cautious delays of government and the murmurs of the boyards—the incendiary fires.

Far and near over the vast empire the madness spread, like an epidemic, and in city and country, north and south, the torch was used unsparingly. Rumors of frightful conflagrations reached us from every quarter, and the efforts of the alarmed authorities failed utterly to discover the perpetrators. Martial law was proclaimed in many places, and troops were continually in motion; but as yet no mischief had been done in Prince Emindoff's estate.

One day—it was the very day before that fixed for the wedding—we had some excitement at Batschuvatz. There had been burnings and outrages on the property of some neighboring proprietors, the serfs had long refused to pay tribute, tax, or rent, in any form, and now a body of them had assembled, under a flag, and armed with guns and scythes, and were in open revolt, though for what exact purpose, perhaps even the insurgents did not know. And a regiment of dragoons from Mohilew, with two field pieces, marched through our village on their way to put an end to the disturbance. We all turned out to see them pass, and very imposing and picturesque they looked, with their brass helmets and embroidered saddle-cloths, riding by threes in column of march, with carbines unslung, and skirmishers thrown out in advance. But there was an odd expression on the faces of the officers, who looked perplexed and anxious, while the soldiers had an apathetic stolidity of countenance that told of anything but zeal. Old Archibald Murray shook his head as he glanced from the soldiers to the peasants in the village street, who stood staring on the martial pageant with sneering impatience rather than the awe they once showed at the sight of a uniform.

"I'm thinking those chiefs in the green tunics and brass helmets have just remembered they are sib and rib with the people, and the serfs don't fear the troops as they did. A better day's dawning for Russia, I hope and trust, but ah! sirs, there's a red and stormy morning to get through first, or I'm much mistaken."

That evening was rather a melancholy one, as is generally the case before a parting. Every one tried to be gay, and failed dismally. Old Mr. Murray tried to talk hopefully of the time to come, when, a few hours hence, Vaughan should have saved enough to establish him well at home, and they should all go back to Britain, where the aged superintendent had always hoped to lay his bones at last.

On this evening the Wohlers had been invited to dine and pass the evening, for, though the steward was neither liked nor esteemed, Mr. Murray desired to avoid the very appearance of slighting a near neighbor, but the invitation was declined. The steward dropped in for a moment to excuse himself and his family, and mentioned that he had written to Prince Emindoff to announce his resignation, and that he should quit Russia forever as soon as the Prince had time to appoint a new intendant. Wohler was in wretchedly low spirits, and not disposed for conversation, but we gathered that fear of coming disturbance was the cause of his abrupt resolve.

"Eh, Mr. Pearson—eh, Edward, man, but it's an unchancy sign for a house when the rats rin from it," said Mr. Murray, dryly, when the steward was gone, adding: "I'd like to spend my last days at home myself, nae doubt, and hope to do so yet, for we foreigners take no root in the Russian soil; but I've eaten Prince Emindoff's bread ower long to desert him now. I'll stay as long as I'm useful, though the mill just pays its way, and no more."

As I looked from my bedroom window that night, I happened to observe something like a dark cluster of men under the park wall holding a stealthy, but excited conference, if I might judge by the violent gestures of one of them, a tall peasant, who stood out in the bright moonlight, and who seemed the principal speaker. Disturbed by a vague feeling of uneasiness, I called Vaughan, and pointed out this mysterious group.

"It looks suspicious, certainly," said my friend, "and if I don't mistake, that tall fellow is Black Ivan, a man of very indifferent character, lately discharged from the imperial guard. Some poaching or hen-roost robbery is a-foot, though, most likely—nothing worse. I'll speak to the starosta in the morning."

And in obedience to Vaughan's summons, next morning, the starosta, or village mayor, a fine, respectable-looking elder, with flowing caftan and long silvery beard, was in attendance. He seemed rather perturbed at hearing that a number of men had been seen lurking about the park, and tried hard to make us believe that we were mistaken, or that if we had seen men at all, and not shadows of the waving fir-trees, they must have been strangers, gipsies, perhaps, or wandering Tartars, a party of whom had been recently seen there on their way back from the fair at Minsk. As for Black Ivan, the starosta assured us that he was quite a reformed character, and had been asleep in his hovel hours before the time we named.

The wedding-day had come, but disappointment came along with it. The clergyman who was to perform the ceremony, and who was chaplain at Riga, had agreed to stop at Batschuvatz for this purpose, on his way back from Moscow, whither he had gone by way of Archangel and St. Petersburg, in the course of a summer tour. But a letter announced that he was unavoidably detained, and could not possibly reach the Emindoff estate before the next day. It was necessary, therefore, to postpone the marriage, and it is hardly wonderful if Vaughan, generally the best-tempered fellow in the world, became testy and out of humor, insomuch that I was thrown very much on my own resources for amusement. I think it was not quite noon, when Paul Gregovitch, the young forester I have mentioned as having a regard for me, came to me with a face of great importance.

"Did not my Excellency wish to kill a bear? very well—then there was a capital chance."

And he went on to tell me that a remarkably fine bear had been discovered, a few miles off, robbing the melon patch of a peasant of Paul's acquaintance, that its lair in the wood was known, and that, if I liked, he, Paul, was ready to guide me to the presence of the shaggy monster.

This news produced its effect. I had a great wish to be the triumphant possessor of a bearskin honestly won by my own prowess; the time hung heavily on my hands, and such a chance might never again occur. I readily consented, and by Paul's suggestion I said nothing to my friends of the adventure in prospect, intending to surprise them by my return with an unmistakable trophy of my abilities as a sportsman. To say the truth, Vaughan and I had both of us been the subjects of some dry, but good-humored quizzing on Mr. Murray's part, on the score of our lack of woodcraft. We were eager enough, and could both of us make up a fair bag of partridges and the black game of the swamps, but we were tyros in sylvan lore, never having slain bear or wolf, whereas the old Scot had once been famous for his skill as a hunter of large game, and had heaps of gray wolf-skins and brown bear-skins in his possession.

Paul manifested much pleasure when I agreed to accompany him in quest of the bear; but I could not help thinking that he wasted a great deal of time in preparation. What with getting out the kibitka, harnessing the horses, and fetching the rifles and hunting-knives, the ammunition and the basket which contained the provisions, the quass-jar and the brandy-flask, he passed away a good deal of the afternoon, and it was late when we started.

I felt my own spirits revive when Paul chirruped to his wiry nags, and we went off at a gallop under the dark pine-boughs.

"Twenty roubles, Paul, if we kill him!"

"Ah! ah! lord Count—pardon me, sir, I know you always forbid me to call you Count, but it comes so natural—we will reckon finely with grandpapa bear, the sly old thief. So, so—jump, horses—dear ones—quick, my pigeons!—ho! ho!"

And the young man broke out into one of those wildly sweet Muscovite airs which seem to exercise a magic power over the brute creation, while the horses dashed gayly along, for many a mile, through wood and waste. In quite a remote part of the woodland region we stopped before the door of a solitary hovel, over the door of which hung a withered fir-branch.

"They sell good vodka here!" said my guide, dropping the reins and springing out.

"But the bear?"

"Ah, Count, he is not far off. There, look you, is the melon-garden he robbed—there, before your eyes. I must ask the peasant if any news has been heard of him."

And he went into the hut and came back, wiping his lips, to announce that the bear had been heard growling in the coppice, four hours ago, and that we had better put up the horses and cart, and plunge at once into the thickets. This was done; we shouldered our rifles, buckled the heavy hunting knives to our belts, to which were already suspended the powder-horns and ball-pouches, and set off on foot into the forest. I own that my heart beat quicker than usual, as I approached the bear's presumed haunt, and that I inwardly hoped my double-barrelled English rifle, which Paul had carefully loaded, would not miss fire or vibrate over much at the moment of encounter. But to give up the pursuit now would have covered me with ridicule for ever, and I pushed stoutly on. A pretty dance Paul led me, all the time professing to perceive traces of the bear's passage, quite invisible to my eyes. Hours passed, twilight came to deepen the gloom of the woods, and still the quarry appeared as unattainable as ever. We plodded on, hot and tired, until after dusk, and then the suspicion that I was the object of a trick came upon me with such force that I taxed Paul with purposely misleading me. The young woodsman stopped short, and let the butt-end of his piece fall with a thud upon the moss at his feet, but he did not reply, and a pause ensued, only broken by the sorrowful hoot of the owl.

"Is there a bear at all?" I asked peremptorily, but was startled by the cool reply:

"No, Count, there is no bear."

No bear. I was the dupe of a hoax, then, and had been deluded into trotting for hours among swamps and brushwood for the amusement of my precious guide. I caught him roughly by the collar, but he never flinched from the expected blow.

"Englishman," said he very quietly, "you have no reason to be angry with poor Paul Gregovitch. He deceived you, but it was for your own good. He owed a debt of kindness, and he has paid it. Better be here, in the forest, than in the grand stone house at Batschuvatz, to-night!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Paul shook himself free from my grasp, folded his arms, and confronted me. When he spoke again there was a stern solemnity in his tone, quite unlike his usual voice.

"This is a cold, sad land, our poor Russia. Our peasants are ignorant and oppressed, our nobles are locusts; their foreign stewards are leeches that come from afar to fatten on our blood. But Russia will no longer be the milch cow of noble and foreigner. Thank the happy fate that made a Muskov peasant save you—you only. A night in the forest [illegible]"

And the [illegible] away, and in a moment [illegible] among the thickets, when his [illegible] on a projecting root; he stumbled and fell; I ran instantly forward, and secured him.

"I will do you no harm," said I, as I grasped my prisoner, whose struggles ceased when he found I was the stronger of the two; "the rather that I gather from your hints that it is to benefit me that you have led me away from Batschuvatz. But I insist on your guiding me at once out of the wood, and on a full explanation of your dark meaning. Does peril beset my friends? if so, speak out."

This, however, Paul refused to do. No threats or persuasions could elicit a word from him, beyond a vague assurance that he had risked his own life already to save mine. But he consented to lead me out of the forest, and so he did, though I suspect he made the route a purposely circuitous one, for it was black night long before we were in sight of the tavern where the cart had been left. Slowly, in spite of my impatience, the horses were harnessed, but when they were ready, Paul obstinately declined to accompany me.

"If you are wise," he cried, "you will cut across into the Moscov road, and never see Batschuvatz again. In any case, I have done my part, and you are warned."

So saying, he turned into the tavern, slammed the door and barred it. I sprang into the kibitka, and lashed the active horses into a gallop that soon bore me, through a cloud of dust, homewards.

Never in my life did I flog so unmercifully, or whirl along so fast, but many a verst had to be traversed, the mettled horses flagged and panted, forcing me to relax my speed, and it was very late when I drew near Batschuvatz, and saw a crimson glow, as of sunset, bursting through the trees. When I got nearer, I perceived that it was a conflagration, and smell of burning wood reached me; and presently, as I dashed into the village, clouds of smoke half blinded me. The cotton mill was in flames, but I hastened on, and saw by the red glare over the pine tops, that Prince Emindoff's palace was also burning.

Then my horses snorted and trembled, and planting their feet firmly, refused to stir, and the wind drove down upon me a volley of eddying smoke, mixed with sparks, and through this I dimly saw that the block of stone houses was also in a blaze. Flames were gushing forth from the lower windows, against the doors were heaped a quantity of massive logs, so as to bar all egress, and round the conflagration surged a dark crowd of human forms, hoarsely murmuring, and waving torches here and there.

"The people," thought I; "but why do they not extinguish the fire? Why—"

The half-unconscious question was answered by a roar that greeted the appearance on the roof of one of the houses of a number of persons, who had evidently been driven upwards by the flames, which now spouted forth in fiery cascades from even the upper windows. I recognized my friends, Emma Murray, pale and fainting, supported by Vaughan, her old white-haired father, who looked gigantic through the glare and glow of the yellow fire-light, the steward Wohler, and others. The yell that greeted them was fierce enough to have broken from the throats of exulting demons, and left no doubt that the fire was the work of incendiary hands, and that Paul had really saved me from the horrid doom impending over the rest of the foreign settlers.

I could not bear to see it. I rushed forward, forgetful of all risk to myself, and in my broken Russian appealed to the bystanders to aid those within, offering a reward for help, and menacing the recusants with the vengeance of the government. A dreadful clamor arose; I was hustled, surrounded, and at one time in peril of being tossed, as Black Ivan proposed, into the fire. But at that very moment the walls bent, the roof crashed in, and while the unhappy group upon the burning house was lost forever to view in the fiery gulf below, a mass of burning beams and brickwork rained around, scattering the multitude, and injuring many, and among others myself, for I was struck senseless by a falling piece of timber. When I recovered, I was on a bed in one of the forester's huts, cared for by the rough inmates, who had picked me up, trampled and bloody, after the crowd of furious serfs had departed, and thanks to them I was enabled to reach Moscow, and, in due time, St. Petersburg. Martial law was proclaimed in the district of Mohilew, but I believe no punishment ever fell on the perpetrators of the cruel and wanton outrage I have chronicled.

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## GOOD-BYE.

Now, little one, 'tis time to part!
With half a smile and half a sigh,
Come let me fold you to my heart,
And softly whisper, Love, Good-bye!
And let me hear the gentle tone
Of that same sad, but sweet reply,
Which I shall dream on, when alone,
So mournfully, Good-bye! Good-bye!

Ah, well, there's something in the word
That speaks a spirit kind and true;
And sweeter sound I never heard
Than when I heard it first from you!
For that sad tone came winged with power
To tell me what I longed to know:
I had your secret from that hour;
I knew you loved me long ago!

But now it dims my eyes with tears
And thrills my heart with nameless pain,
For all the moments will seem years,
Till you and I shall meet again.
But whisper it once more, my love,
With half a smile and half a sigh;
And may our Father, from above,
Look down and bless you, dear—Good-bye!

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☞ It is better to rule a household well, than a kingdom ill. The ring on a child's finger is as perfect a circle as the zone of this round world.—*Gail Hamilton.*

☞ The sum of Morality and Christianity is—Give and forgive, bear and forbear.

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# COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARION HARLAND,

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Seven o'clock found the quartette from Belleview in the revivalist's audience, at one end of Mr. Shore's long dining-hall.

The white population of the neighborhood was principally made up of Episcopalians, with a slight sprinkling of Roman Catholics; but Mr. Shore had wedded for his second wife a devout Methodist, whose example and precept had wrought great, and it was hoped by the reformer, radical changes in the religious habits of the slaves upon her own and certain of the surrounding plantations. The clergymen of her denomination, whose itinerant habits brought them within range of communication with her, were urgently invited to visit at, and most hospitably entertained in her house; encouraged to establish meetings for public and social worship among her negroes—innovations which were not opposed, but rather forwarded by her indulgent, irreligious husband. The gathering on this occasion was made up, for the most part, of colored people—a goodly assembly in number, seated in close rows upon benches manufactured for such purposes by Mrs. Shore's orders. The room was narrow in proportion to its length, and had a fireplace at each end. Around the upper one of these were ranged chairs for the accommodation of the family and neighbors. There were about thirty in all, and while the younger portion of the company had undoubtedly been attracted thither by the consideration that had moved Lily's inclination to attend—namely, the love of a frolic, let the day be what it might,—they behaved with due decorum, preserved the semblance of respectful attention. It would not have been safe to act otherwise under Mrs. Shore's watchful eyes.

Mr. Sheppard was suffering from hoarseness, having already delivered two sermons and conducted a class-meeting that day, besides riding twenty miles on horseback. He therefore the more gladly committed the preliminary and closing exercises of singing and prayer to those of the congregation who were able and willing to lighten his labors by taking their part in the same. Mrs. Shore joined in the familiar choruses endeared to her by so many early and sacred associations, and her husband, to gratify her, added his assistance, which was, to say the least, of doubtful value, since his voice was cracked, and he knew neither tune nor words. But the best feature of this portion of the service was the grand, rich tones of the negroes, surging in thunder-peals of exultations, or sweetly plaintive in the pathetic strains of penitential lamentation.

"Did you hear anything finer than that in Germany—in the fatherland of sacred music?" whispered Helen to Aleck, who sat a little to her right, behind her.

"Nothing that sounded so delightful to my ears!" was his response. "It is like the music of Carryl and the 'memory of departed joys, pleasant and mournful to the soul.'"

He had leaned over, his hand resting upon the back of her chair, to hear and to answer her, and in the self-forgetfulness of the moment, both had looked and spoken naturally, with the cordial ease that had once signalized them in their bearing, the one to the other.

As Aleck resumed his former position, he caught sight of Lily's face; saw that she was on the alert to hear what was passing, met a covert side-glance, which was quickly withdrawn, and his blood boiled anew. His distrust of the girl was becoming intense and irrational, and in exact ratio with its increase was augmented his loving compassion for Helen, whom, he honestly believed, her cousin was endeavoring to supplant in her lover's regard.

"Can it be that she sees nothing to excite her jealousy?" he speculated, and while the sermon engrossed the attention of the crowd at large, his watch upon her was keen but furtive.

She sat quietly; a casual observer would have supposed that her thoughts were with her external organs of vision, fastened upon the speaker; but Aleck divined, or imagined that he did, that this immobility of feature betokened anything but interest in the orator's impassioned appeals and vivid descriptions; that she found other and more prolific material for reflection in her own thoughts. There was nothing to awaken surprise in this abstraction in one who was to become a bride in less than one short month from that night, but it was remarkable that he did not succeed, in the course of that hour of close scrutiny, in detecting one stolen look at Robert, who was in full view, and whose eyes repeatedly wandered to her statuesque face.

"Perhaps love has taught her to practice concealment—a prudent vigilance over look, no less than word and action!" mused the spy. "Yet I should not have expected it!"

While revolving these trifles lighter than air in his mind, and more ill at ease on account of his restless meditations than he was himself aware of, he omitted to pay the requisite degree of attention to the passage of other events; was so lost to the consciousness of where he was and what was the nature of the services, that he sprang to his feet, in uncontrollable bewilderment, when the sable congregation fell simultaneously, and not very noiselessly, upon their knees, at the invitation to prayer. Lily laughed—audibly to his sensitive ear, although she tried to smother the cachination with her pocket handkerchief, and Mr. Alexander Lay, self-contained man of the world as he was—sinking again to his seat with a tingling sensation about his bronzed cheeks, mentally and fervently devoted her to the infernal gods.

His confusion had time to abate during the prayer. The instrument—in his own phrase—"the humble tool," selected to convey the petitions of the assembly, was a servant belonging to Aleck himself, one of the field hands upon the Maple Hill farm, a pompous, pragmatical Boanerges, distinguished above his fellows by his "wonderful gift of speech." He gave this talent full play now, beginning with constrained moderation and deliberate utterance, and gradually waxing louder and warmer, incited to greater vehemence by the groans of assent from his brethren, until the gusts of sound escaping from his surcharged lungs—presumed to represent equal vigor of heart—threatened to bring the ceiling down upon his head and those of the audience; Samson-like, he menaced to involve them with himself in one common ruin. He was "a mighty man in the Scriptures," said his admirers, and the majority of those of his own caste heard, with a glow of pride in their representative, but inadequately expressed by long-drawn "Amens," and sepulchral "Ahs!" his mention of the preacher to whose exhortations they had been called to listen on that occasion.

"Be pleased to pour out Thy plenteousest blessin's 'pon de great and notable man of de Lord who has spoken to us dis blessed arternoon, from de rivers to de ends of de earth. Strengthen him in his weakly body and diminished mind; bless him abroad and in his home, from de rivers to de ends of de earth. Grant him, in Thy mussiful and undeserved kindness, a superabundance of souls as de purchase of his hire. Make him for to grow up before Thee, and in de sight of all mankind, from de rivers to de ends of de earth, like a calf of de stall, dat at last he may be worthy to become *meat* for de kingdom of Heaven. May he soon cease from his labors, and den, his works—may dey follow him!"

There was hardly a serious face in the semi-circle of young ladies and gentlemen, when this remarkable effusion was brought to a peroration and final "Amen." Mrs. Shore, scandalized by their irreverence, yet derived some satisfaction from the spectacle of Aleck Lay's sombre visage. She had heretofore secretly accused him of scoffing at religious subjects, but she recalled now the gratifying fact that she had never really heard any blasphemous talk or unseemly jesting from him; only knew that he was sarcastic and had studied in Germany, when she had been taught to believe that heresy was rampant, and orthodoxy unknown.—Who could tell what leaven of Brother Sheppard's discourse might not be working in his unsanctified nature? Infinite then was her disappointment and speechless her horror, when—service being over—as the negroes were filing out of the doors upon the right and left of the room, and Boanerges swaggered past the patrician group, bowing graciously, his master sternly bade him, "Stop!"

"Sar!" said the amazed orator.

"I want to know what you meant by insulting a minister of the gospel to his face?" said Aleck, authoritatively.

"*Me*—marster?"

"Yes—*you!* Do you know, you rascal, that you have not only declared here, in the hearing of us all, that Mr. Sheppard's mind was failing, but called him a calf—made butcher's meat of him, and then prayed for his speedy death?"

The negro gaped in dumb and sheepish astonishment.

Aleck, like many other and better men, now that he had found an object upon which he might justly vent some of his pent-up wrath, was disposed to deal more unmercifully with the offender against sense and decorum, than he would have felt in a moment of less irritation.

"All that I have to say to you is this, my fine fellow," he pursued. "If I ever hear of your making a prayer in public again before you have learned to perceive that most of what you say is outrageous profanity, I will have you transported to the South as sure as your name is Petronius. While you belong to me you shall not be guilty of such scandalous impertinence in the name of Heaven—that is, if I can hinder it. You can go!"

"Really, Mr. Lay—" Mrs. Shore recovered herself sufficiently to say, when the man had sought a refuge for his "diminished" head outside the door—"you were unnecessarily severe upon the poor fellow. We all understood what it was that he intended to say, and he is a person of great influence among our colored people—a leader of a class-meeting and high authority in all religious matters."

"So much the more reason for putting a stop to such balderdash, madam! I must apologize to you, sir," addressing himself courteously to Mr. Sheppard—"for the seeming disrespect of his language with regard to you. I will see that the like does not occur again."

"The poor ignorant slave needs no apology to be made for him," answered the minister's solemn tones—doubly hoarse and deep by reason of his cold. "I would rather hope that his master will make amends to him for the mortification he has sustained on account of his desire to perform his duty in a becoming manner."

"Our ideas of becomingness differ," said Aleck, with admirable temper. "I call such vile and ridiculous garbling of Scripture sacrilege—consider its effect pernicious in the extreme upon the minds of his simple and superstitious followers."

"It may be made, nevertheless, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon—even in unpractised and weak hands, my young friend. There is One, who is not limited by circumstances; who designs to make use of feeble instruments in the accomplishment of His work. In this land the use of the Scriptures and the quotation of the same are allowable to all."

Aleck smiled. "It is dangerous to meddle with edge tools!" he rejoined, turning away to end a profitless discussion.

"So the world said!" cried Lily.

Tom and Virginia Shore—like a couple of giddy pates—burst into a fit of laughter.

"We must tell Mr. Lay that pretty story some day," said the latter, merrily. "It was too funny!"

"I have the original document at home. He shall see it—this very night if he wishes to consult the Fates," replied Lily. "It was the strangest coincidence I ever heard of—and its happening upon the day of your return was not the least wonderful part of it."

"Don't look so disconcerted, Nelly," said Virginia, teasingly. "If one portion of the narrative is likely to be fulfilled it does not follow that the rest is not a false prophecy."

Aleck looked from one to another in real curiosity and well-assumed indifference.

"You deal in mysteries!" he said.

"In nonsense—I should say—and very witless fun it is according to my perception of humor," returned Helen. "Lily! it is time we were gone. The carriage is ready, and we ought not to keep the horses standing in the cold."

"Wait!" Lily was fumbling in her pocket. "This is the dress I wore that evening, and I recollect putting that paper into an envelope that I might preserve it as a curiosity. Here it is—I declare! Isn't that splendid!"

"Read it! read it!" was the popular acclaim.

"It is Sunday—remember!" cautioned Mrs. Shore.

"Lily!" said Helen, in distressed expostulation. "This is not kind."

"Why, what a serious matter you would make of it!" replied her cousin. "Of course we all understand that it is a pack of foolish fiction from beginning to end. You see, my friends, we were playing 'Consequences,' and this is what was written upon one of the papers. I shall give it *verbatim et literatim*. You didn't suppose that I knew that much Latin, did you? Ahem! 'The witty and accomplished Miss Helen Gardener'—watch her, Mr. Shore! don't let her snatch it!" and the learned and cynical Mr. Alexander Lay met behind a turkey-blind—

"Fire!" rang out Aleck's trumpet tones in her ear. "Look behind you, Miss Lily."

She gave a jump and a scream, catching hold of her skirts at the same moment.

"Mercy upon us! Where is it?"

"In the fire-place!" returned Aleck, provokingly. "Where else should it be?"

There was a roar of laughter, and Lily's pout was one of real chagrin when she discovered that the paper was gone. Whether it had escaped from her fingers in her fright and been drawn by the current of heated air into the mouth of the chimney, or been abstracted by some clever trick of legerdemain, she could not determine, and no one could or would tell her.

She shook her curls in pretty viciousness at Helen and Aleck.

"I will be even with you two conspirators yet! see if I am not!"

"I do not question your skill in plotting and counterplotting," responded Aleck. "If practice makes perfect you should be an adept in cunning manœuvre."

Belleview was about five miles distant from Mr. Shore's, and when half the distance was traversed, our party of four had the highway all to themselves; the little cavalcade of horsemen and vehicles that had started from the house with them having dropped off, a few at a time, at branch and cross-roads leading to their respective homes. The waning moon arose while they were still on their way, casting long shadows from hill and tree upon the light covering of snow that enwrapped the untrodden fields, showing the muddy road like a black, serpentine river, winding between high banks and extended lines of fences, and giving to the landscape an aspect of melancholy ghostliness. The sickly rays broke fitfully across Lily's face—white as a phantom's, with unsteady, gleaming eyes, and Helen's, nearly as unearthly in its sad fixedness of thought. It was not a social cortege. The girls leaned, fatigued or out of spirits, against the cushions of the back seat in the carriage, and their cavaliers rode silently in the rear or beside the vehicle.

"What a doleful hour and scene!" complained Lily at last. "If one of you gentlemen does not summon up gallantry enough to say something pretty, witty or interesting, I shall expire with the blues. One would think that 'Brother Sheppard' had frightened all the fun out of us. Mr. Robert! are you asleep?"

Thus challenged the individual accosted rode up to the window.

"Not drowsy—only accommodating myself to the prevalent taste for moonlight meditation—Ha!"

They were upon a bridge or causeway of primitive construction, consisting of a few rails laid upon tressels, spanning a rill that crossed the road. One of these slipped, or broke under the foot of Robert's horse, and his leg went through the aperture up to the knee, so violently and suddenly as to throw the rider quite over his head upon the half-frozen ground. A shriek of anguish broke from Lily—so wild and piercing, that it chilled Aleck's blood, as a maniac's scream would have done. Quickly as he alighted, she reached the earth as soon, and when he lifted the head of the insensible man to his knee, she was up on the other side,—one hand passed under Robert's neck, while the other put back the hair from his brow.

"Robert! Robert! if you love me, speak to me, my darling. Don't you know me—your own Lily!" she called, in her frenzy.

"Is he seriously hurt?" demanded Helen, in accents, that, full of feeling, were yet calm in comparison with her cousin's ravings.

She assisted Aleck to loosen his cravat and collar, and chafed his temples and hands.

"*He lives!*" screamed Lily, rapturously, as a sigh fluttered through the pale lips, followed by a groan.

"Where am I?" asked Robert, struggling to sit upright, holding his head between his palms, as to steady the giddy brain.

Aleck checked Lily's incoherent ejaculations of joy and explanation.

"Be still, Miss Calvert—if you please! You have had an awkward fall from your horse, Robert, and been slightly stunned. That is all! Can you stand?"

"Simon! Simon!" called Lily to the coachman, who had addressed himself to the work of extricating the unlucky horse, and was now examining into the nature of his injuries, "come help lift Mr. Lay into the carriage!"

"Do not make him more ridiculous than you have yet done, Miss Calvert!" retorted Aleck, sharply. "He is not a sick baby, or a fine lady—but a man—in size and age at least! Well, Robert! is your head strong enough for the saddle? You have had many a harder fall before now, and hunted all day after it. I trust you have not degenerated."

Robert's rallying senses were acute enough to enable him to comprehend intonations as well as words, and a feeling of shame came over him at what sounded like unfeeling sarcasm.

"I am quite well—entirely recovered!" straightening himself and speaking cheerfully. "I never did a more awkward thing in my life! You used the right word in speaking of it, Aleck. How is he, Simon? not lamed, I hope."

"It's a blessed wonder he ain't, sir, for his hoof was rammed tight in de hole,—but he is all safe and right, 'parently."

"It is not right for you to exert yourself beyond your strength," remarked Helen, with the gentle kindness of a sister, as the horse was led up, and Robert laid his hand on the pommel.

Aleck softened on the instant.

"I can easily lead your horse home, if you think that you will suffer any inconvenience from the too violent exercise of riding. You will certainly be more comfortable in the carriage. A little prudence may save you trouble hereafter."

"Thank you!" replied his brother, proudly—somewhat stiffly. "As you say, I am a man, who has had many worse falls in the course of my life-time. It is cold for you ladies to be standing here. Allow me to see you to the carriage. I am more uneasy on your account than my own."

When they were shut in, he mounted, rejecting Aleck's offer of assistance silently as it was tendered, and gathering up his reins, gave the signal for starting.

One would hardly have anticipated that the sequel of an adventure, replete with danger to one of the actors, and which had drawn largely upon the sympathy of the others, would be general distrust and acrimony of feeling, or that the silence that resumed its reign over the party would be the expression of grief in some, shame and disappointment in others. Robert's emotions were a mixture of all these. An expert in manly accomplishments, famed for his agility and daring, he was mortified at his downfall, and grieved, no less than ashamed at the ridiculous light in which Aleck had set his misfortune. Having been partially insensible for the first few minutes after the accident, he had understood Lily's lamentations very imperfectly—was doubtful whether he had not dreamed of her distressed accents and tender adjuration. He was consequently greatly at a loss what reason to assign for Aleck's cold contempt. Helen's composure had struck him as unnatural, and piqued him unaccountably. There were limits even to his loving charity.

"If I judged from the manner of the two, I should decide that Lily loved me best," he meditated, in his vexation. "Presence of mind in such exigencies may be a very useful virtue,—highly commendable and heroic,—but, to my taste, there are others more lovely."

Lily was in tears all the rest of the way. She had betrayed her secret to the last persons in creation whom she would have had penetrate it—Helen and Aleck—her imprudence and lack of self-control had frustrated her cherished plans by premature development. Aleck would assuredly consider it incumbent upon him to impart the discovery he had made to his brother—unless—unless—she said with trembling hope,—Aleck himself reciprocated the sentiment she fancied Helen entertained for him. This was but a transient ray of comfort, for upon examination, the supposition appeared chimerical and preposterous. Why, if she nursed a preference for the absentee, had Helen engaged herself? That she might, and would have accepted him, or any eligible suitor, in a moment of pique or despair, the little schemer could readily have imagined, but what provocation had there been for either feeling?

It was a tangled skein—an invisible web, whose mazes each of the four felt knotted about him or her, and still was powerless to break. The young men saw their fair companions to their guardian's door, and bade them "good-night," upon the porch. Lily said nothing; Aleck only the briefest and most coldly polite formula of parting; Helen's voice was sweet and steady in speaking to Robert.

"Must you go home? Do you feel no uneasiness from your fall?"

"None whatever; and I cannot stay—thank you!"

"Then, at least, come in for a moment, and let me get you a glass of wine to prevent a return of faintness."

"You are very kind—but there is no danger. Good-night!"

He pressed her hand, and perhaps Lily's likewise, but held neither longer than was demanded by politeness, and the brothers returned together to their horses.

They rode on for more than a mile, side by side, before either spoke.

"Is your head at all affected by the shock you sustained? Were you bruised, do you think?" then queried Aleck, kindly.

"I am unhurt *in body*—I am obliged to you!"

The last rejoinder was indicative, Aleck knew, of wounded feeling—not temper.

"I am sorry that you have sustained injury of any kind," he said. "Who inflicted it—may I ask?"

"Yourself more than any one else? I cannot be sullen with you, Aleck. Your conduct towards me, this day, is inexplicable to my mind. If you have any just grounds of complaint against me, speak it out, and give me a chance to clear myself. At any rate, I request you, as one gentleman has the right to ask of another, to refrain, in future, from insulting me in the presence of others—particularly when those others are ladies."

Here was an opportunity for full confession, yet Aleck discovered that he was unable to avail himself of it. So much of his overwrought disapprobation of what he had seen that day had its origin in feelings he could not disclose, that it was a difficult undertaking to make out an indictment against the offenders. Hampered by this conviction, his tone was an unfortunate contrast to Robert's, and jarred sorely upon the listener's heart.

"We can hardly hope to agree upon this topic, Robert. Our views respecting the expediency, not to say the morality of certain practices, are radically different, I fear. Not that I believe that you would wantonly indulge a dishonorable thought, much less commit a dishonorable deed, yet there is a looseness of principle and conduct in these matters whose harshest name in the vocabulary of society is 'levity' or 'flirtation,' that often works consequences as disastrous as deliberate villainy."

"'Dishonor' and 'villainy' are words hard to be borne, even when the speaker is a brother. Please remember that!" said Robert, moving restlessly in the saddle. "In heaven's name, man, say plainly what I have done, and let there be an end of inuendoes! My patience is worn threadbare."

"I have no objection to plainness of speech. Unless I am greatly mistaken, you have won the love of two women, while you are bound by every law of honor and feeling to hold faith to one alone," said Aleck, bluntly.

"I am not responsible for your visionary conclusions," returned the other, struggling with his rising choler. "What proof have you to substantiate this extraordinary charge?"

"The evidence of my eyes and ears in the scene of this morning, and in the remarkable one of to-night. Lily Calvert would have thrown herself upon your bosom if I had not pushed her back by main force. She called you by name in a tone of passionate devotion, such as a beloved wife only has the right to employ, and entreated you to speak to her—'to your own Lily—if you loved her!' One of two inferences is inevitable. She is either a criminally fond and foolish woman—false alike to her cousin and every instinct of feminine modesty, or you have trifled with her affections."

"I reject the alternatives you lay down so arbitrarily! Lily is innocent and pure-minded. She is not to be judged as you would other girls."

"It seems not, indeed!" interrupted Aleck.

"She is not! She is a simple-hearted, affectionate child, whose very ignorance of evil makes her confiding and fearless. She has been accustomed to petting and indulgence from her infancy, and her sad history, her early orphanage, should commend her to the love of every feeling heart—the protection of every true man."

"I do not know that she is entitled to a more bountiful share of these than is her cousin. She has no recollection of her bereavement, and Mrs. Floyd is shamelessly partial to her. She never felt the need of any other mother."

"We will not introduce Miss Gardner's name in this connection, if you please!" said Robert, haughtily. "If that lady has any cause of dissatisfaction to allege against me, I hold myself in readiness to hear and answer it when she shall bring it forward in person. I will have no go-between in this matter!"

"You wrong her by the insinuation that she would stoop to employ a 'go-between,' were her wrongs ever so great!" Aleck schooled himself to reply quietly, but forcibly. "Wrong her more foully than you do me by applying the base title to me! I am neither her confidante nor champion. I deemed it my duty, when you inquired the reason of my altered bearing, to utter a fraternal warning. I have done so in sincerity, with a single desire for your happiness and reputation. From this time henceforth, since you desire it, let the subject be untouched by either of us in our daily intercourse. It is devoid of charms to me, and, it would seem, obnoxious to you."

"Agreed!" returned Robert, spurring on his horse. "I am willing to abide by the results of my actions in this, as in everything else!"

For the first time in their lives the brothers separated that night with a cold nod and lips locked in stern displeasure; lay down to rest heart-sore at thought of their alienation; yet each smarting under a sense of injustice and indignity received from the other; each stubborn in his own opinion and unrepentant of his own hasty words and irrational anger.

## CHAPTER VII.

Helen had her explanatory scene with Robert, also, as he had foreseen; but it was conducted in a spirit totally diverse from the unsatisfactory and intemperate conversation he had held with Aleck.

She had had many misgivings since that memorable Sabbath night, she frankly avowed; misgivings excited by Lily's agitation and singular language.

"I have doubted whether, after all, we had not acted unwisely in entering into this engagement, Robert; whether you may not have mistaken your feelings for me," she said, raising a clear, searching eye to his.—"If this is so—if this marriage will bring sorrow to Lily and yourself, I entreat you to tell me the truth now, while there is still room for retreat. You shall never be blamed,—your character suffer no tarnish from the annulment of our contract. If you love her,—if you would address her, were you not bound by your promise to me, trust me with your secret, and all shall be as you wish. I have feared, among other things, that you and I were not not so well adapted to one another as you suppose."

"I am not worthy of you, Helen, yet I love you—you alone! The day in which you forbid me to hope for a return of that love and the gift of your hand, will be to me the darkest of my life. I regard Lily as I would your younger sister, if you had one, and I honestly believe that her affection for me is of a like nature. She is addicted to the use of extravagant expressions, as you know, and has as little command of her feelings as the merest child. I am her elder brother—her counsellor and friend. She would shrink at the mention of any nearer relation. So much to exculpate her! As to yourself,—"

He stopped, and a sad, wistful gaze attested the change that had come over his fervent spirit.

Helen sustained the scrutiny without faltering or blushing.

"What of me?" she asked.

"Will you imitate my candor? Is your love for me the same, in quality and degree, that it was when you first pledged yourself to become my wife? I, too, have had my fears;—fancies of your growing coldness; imaginations that my society was becoming irksome to you. Helen! my only love! my almost bride! if you knew the anguish such thoughts bring to a heart that is bound up in you; that cannot live, except in the sunshine of your smile and presence, you would not chide me for being jealous sometimes."

"Jealous!" Helen's head was uplifted in regal pride. "Of whom have you the shadow of a right to be jealous? What room has my conduct afforded for the birth of such a passion on your part?"

"None! I own with shame that my uneasiness had no foundation of that kind. Yet I find myself eyeing with jealous apprehension every man that approaches you—my own brother not excepted. Do not despise me, Helen!"

She withdrew from the arm he would have cast about her; her face was averted; her breath came thick and fast. Supposing that he had offended her, Robert implored her forgiveness; declared the complete restoration of his confidence; engaged that it should never again be interrupted.

"Only do not take your love from me!"

"My love!" she repeated, in a strange, far-off tone, as communing with some phantom of the past; "you do not know for how poor a gift you sue!"

He eagerly asseverated that it was to him the highest of earthly prizes; that it alone could content a heart that had never for a moment turned to any other than herself.

"I have tried you sadly of late, dearest; have not seemed like myself to you, or to any one else," he continued, penitently. "But I have been on the rack many, many times. I blush to confess it! I do not deserve your esteem or affection."

"There!" With a bright smile she put her hand before his lips. "We will have no more self-criminations; no more cross-examinations of one another! no more unavailing sighs over the never-to-be-recalled past!—When I plighted my faith to you, we said, solemnly—'until Death shall part us!' I have meant from that hour to this to keep the vow, and I must believe you when you assert that you have never desired to violate it. A vow is a fearful thing!" She turned paler and shuddered slightly. "An awful thing! and ours was not a light one, or lightly spoken. Mine shall stand until you say to me, of your own accord—'I wish to be free!' or, as we said that day—the day of our betrothal—'until Death itself part us!'"

Ere the last word quite left her tongue, the shaded lamp upon the table behind them burst with a report that sounded terrifically loud in the quiet room, and the inflammable fluid that fed the wick flew in lurid jets over the floor, the furniture, their clothing—over everything within a radius of eight or ten feet. The explosion and the scream Helen could not repress alarmed the whole household, were distinctly heard at the negroes' dwellings in the yard. In half a minute the apartment was filled with a frightened, questioning throng. The fire had caught Helen's dress in several places, which were extinguished by Robert before the flame could spread; the surface of the mahogany stand was blistered by the blazing stream; and there were scattered, here and there, scorched and smoking patches upon the carpet and wall-paper.

When Helen recalled her senses with sufficient clearness to take note of surrounding objects, several servants were upon their knees, picking up bits of broken glass; Mrs. Floyd was sobbing hysterically upon the sofa; Lily standing by, laughing violently, and the colonel was cuffing Gabriel to and fro like a rubber ball, for his carelessness in having left the top of the lamp unscrewed when he filled it;—else, how could the fire have touched the camphene?"

"'Deed, marster, and I screwed it on tight as tight could be, sur, 'fore ever I lighted it, and sot it on de table thar', keerful!" blubbered the boy.

"No amount of care can prevent accidents of this nature, colonel!" ventured Robert, in respectful corroboration of Gabriel's self vindication. "Camphene is a dangerous invention—neither a decent servant, nor a merciful master."

"Not another drop shall ever be burned in this house while I am alive! I'm determined on that!" sobbed Mrs. Floyd. "It is hateful stuff, and I've always said so, for all it gives a good light!"

"You will burn it until doomsday, madam, if you live so long!" was the civil response of her husband, and giving Gabriel a parting kick, responded to by a dismal howl, he recommended all present to go about their business, and himself set the example.

Helen acceded to her aunt's proposition that they should adjourn to the parlor—the accident had occurred in the dining-room—but stepped back after she had reached the hall, to look for a handkerchief she had lost. Two negro women were still searching for fragments of glass under the table.

"The wust sign dat could 'a happened!" Helen heard one mutter to the other. "Death and partin', sure!"

"Dat's so!" assented her crony. "And it couldn't mean nobody but one o' dem—for wasn't dey a-settin' close by it? Ah, well! poor young things! if so be—"

The other touched her to be silent, perceiving the young lady's presence, and Helen pretended not to have listened to their prognostications. Nevertheless, her nerves were sadly discomposed, and, although devoid of superstitious dreads, she could not help thinking of the odd coincidence between the servant's prophecy and her own words, interrupted in their utterance by the startling incident. So hard was it to shake the impression from her mind, that she related the circumstance to Robert, when he was about leaving her that night.

His spirits had risen rapidly since the conversation in the former part of the evening; he had never been more tender in manner, more hopeful in picturing their future, and his answer to her story was a hearty laugh.

"You regard this shabby trick of that detestable camphene as an omen, do you? 'Death and parting, sure,' as Nancy says!—Breaking glass signifies fractured vows—and what is the significance of the fiery baptism, of which you had the largest share?"

"A blazing temper, perhaps!" said Helen, saucily. "Take care!"

"Then, your uncle is predestined to enact the volcano, and not you? What has gone wrong with him lately? He has not spoken a pleasant word in my hearing for a month and more."

Helen shook her head. "He is angry with you—more incensed at me, because we will not be puppets in his hands. We shall soon be independent of his humors, so we will not be miserable about them now."

"Why do you sigh? Is the anticipation of liberty so dreadful? For myself I have not been so buoyant and light-hearted in weeks and weeks—if I ever was before. I had hoped that you felt the same."

"I am happier! There is always a sure peace in the consciousness of having done right."

Whence, then, the large slow drops that followed one another down her cheeks when she went back to the parlor, after bidding him "good-bye?" The rest of the family had retired long before, and she sat down on the rug and looked at the two chairs standing so close together in front of the fire. Whence came the sense of desolation that crept over her in the recollection that her fate was now doubly sealed? that no mortal power could prevent the consummation of the engagement she had that evening ratified? Had she secretly expected—guiltily hoped for a different sequel to the momentous interview?

"I have done my duty—kept my word to myself and to him. I only told the truth when I reiterated the assurance of my attachment. I love him as much, and in the same way that I did when we were first betrothed. I have counted the cost, and I will abide by my decision. After a while I shall conquer this foolish weakness. Then we shall be happy together—quite happy!"

And at this comforting assurance she lapsed into an agony of weeping.

Aleck was reading in his chamber when he heard his brother gallop into the yard on his return from Colonel Floyd's, and a minute afterwards his running step upon the stair and a knock at the door.

"Come in!" he said, surprised at the unseasonable visit.

Robert entered, blithe and glowing, after his swift ride in the cold.

"Al.! old boy!" he began, without preliminary, walking straight up to his brother, his hand outstretched, "I have made all right with her, have told her that I have acted like a brute and a villain, and she, like an angel—by-the-way, she doesn't fall far short of one!—and now I've come to beg your pardon for my shameful treatment of your friendly advice—to ask that we may stand once again upon our old footing. Quarrelling is a new and unpleasant business to us, my dear fellow!"

"It is!" Aleck wrung the proffered hand. "I thought you would understand me better when you came to think over the matter. You can never know how dear your happiness is to me, Robin, or the pain this estrangement has cost me."

They sat down, side by side, and talked freely and affectionately—one of them happily, until the clock struck three.

"Never mind the march of Father Time!" said Robert, as the other exclaimed at the lateness of the hour. "The faster he gallops the better pleased am I! We shall not have many more such seasons of dissipation either. The habits of a staid Benedick and householder, such as I hope soon to be, must be perforce, diametrically opposed to irregular hours, and I fancy that your Gretchen will knit her pretty brows at these propensities in her husband. Ah! Aleck! you have not acted quite fairly with me in that affair! Here I have turned out the lining of my heart to you, and you have been keeping your most precious secret locked away from my brotherly eyes."

"I do not understand!" answered Aleck, inquiringly.

"You hypocritical rascal!" Robert collared him, and searched his face with his mirthful eyes. "Do you persist in your deceit? Is Aunt Ruth the only worthy depository for your confidences? Do you dare to deny that you are every whit as deeply in love as I am? still to keep up the flimsy pretence that the improvements going forward, with such un-German velocity, at Maple Hill, are designed for your personal delectation and our good aunt's comfort, you dutiful dog?"

"Soho!" Light beamed over Aleck's puzzled visage. "I begin to comprehend! And you were blessed with a perusal of the private and confidential missive directed to Aunt Ruth, and crammed with eulogies upon the little German beauty? You were so verdant as to swallow the hoax I intended as a reward for her monthly epistles upon the dangers to which a marriageable young man is exposed when he has no aunt near to guard him from temptation, and the passing importance of making a judicious choice of a 'pardner,' as she pronounces it? Gretchen, forsooth! The jade never cared three straws for me, nor I one for her!"

"I am glad, and sorry, too!" replied Robert. "Pleased that I am not to have a foreign sister-in-law; very sorry that the high place in your heart is yet vacant. My happiness makes me sympathize the more keenly in your poverty in this regard. You could love warmly and truly, Aleck, and if you had that *summun bonum* of earthly blessings, Aunt Ruth's well-chosen 'pardner,' would prove yourself a capital husband."

"Thank you! If I ever summon courage to try the experiment, I will apply to you for a certificate to that effect!" Aleck promised, with a laugh, as they separated with another warm clasp of the hand.

He was off to Maple Hill the next morning; spent every day and nearly every night there, until Christmas.

Thorough as was the revolution in the appointments of the long disused mansion, it scarcely exceeded that going on at Greenfield, or the tumult which prevailed at Belleview. Seamstresses plied hot needles; hot ovens disgorged loads of cake and every imaginable species of delicious homemade confectionery; the din of scrubbing, polishing and hammering was lively and incessant; fires burned in every chimney, all day, and piled the hearthstones over night with huge beds of live embers; and two teams of stout oxen found abundant occupation in hauling wood to feed the throats of the voracious smoking monsters. Mrs. Floyd was too busy to heed her husband's "tempers," and nothing can be cited that would prove more strongly her absorption in the great work she had in hand.

Christmas Eve came. The sun set gloriously behind the dark, interminable line of forest, bounding the view in all directions, and the stars glittered dazzlingly, as they were kindled in the clear, frosty sky. Everything gave promise of a fair day for the approaching festival. In Helen's chamber was collected a bevy of chattering girls, the bridesmaids, busy in the discussion of the important duties before them. Of course, all talked at once, and each strove to drown her neighbor's voice, yet Virginia Shore contrived to make herself heard above the clamor.

"Isn't it a shame?" she called in her highest key. "Helen declares that she is in sober earnest in refusing to be married in that elegant set of pearls Mr. Aleck Lay brought her from Europe! I tell her she had better try at the outset to gain the blind side of her husband's relatives, and that his brother will have a right to feel offended at the manifest slight put upon his gift, which, every one can see, was meant for a bridal toilette."

The cabal agreed that the neglect would be an insult and unpardonable, even were the jewels as tasteless and unbecoming as they were handsome and suited to the owner and the occasion.

"But what ornaments will you wear, Helen?" questioned one.

Virginia interposed her ready tongue. "That is the most nonsensical part of the story! Nothing but a pitiful little tea-rose in her hair and another in her bosom, and just because Mr. Robert Lay gave her the bush, and this is the first time it has blossomed! Isn't that *too* love-sick?"

Helen remained unmoved by the ridicule and arguments of her finery-loving train.

"My mind is made up!" she said, pleasantly, but decidedly, to their varied and repeated attacks.

"She might have had orange-blossoms from Lily's greenhouse, if she wished," pursued Virginia. "I see that you have a tree loaded with them, Lily. It was very generous and considerate in it to come out in full dress, just now, and in you to keep every flower and bud for the benefit of your friends."

"Not one of them shall be gathered by you, or anyone else, for to-morrow's frolic!" returned the proprietress of the flowers, curtly.

Virginia stared in blank astonishment.

"Why, Lily! that is downright stinginess, and not what we should have expected from you! We girls expected a sprig apiece for our bouquets, and the bride's should be composed almost entirely of them. What is a wedding without orange-blossoms?"

"You will shortly have an opportunity of seeing, unless you furnish yourselves from some other quarter. Not one of mine shall you have."

Apparently, the diminutive beauty was what would have been termed, in a larger and homelier woman, "desperately out of humor."

"One would think that this tree was a present from *your* true-love—you value it's productions so highly!" observed another "friend."

Lily bit her lip, and her blue eyes emitted sparkles of angry light. Only Helen, of all the girls, knew that Robert was the donor of nearly every rare plant in her collection; that the orange-tree was one of his contributions, she having raised it from a graft set expressly for her by his hand, three years before, in a fine bush that graced the Greenfield conservatory; and Helen did not know how sedulously she had tended it to its present flourishing estate; the kisses she had showered upon its glossy leaves; the tears that had lately gemmed its snow-white petals—but the random hit was stinging.

"Lily is quite right, allow me say, young ladies!" said the bride, coming to the help of her discomfited rival. "The tree is too beautiful as it now is, to be spoiled by your destructive fingers. The green-house will be lighted to-morrow evening, and the orange be the queen of the floral belles."

"I comprehend! 'Touch not a single bough!'" said Virginia, dramatically. "But I want to ask, my dear Mrs. Lay—Mercy, Helen! don't murder me with your eyes, and upon my word of honor as a lady, I won't give you the title again, until the minister grants me leave!" cried the giddy creature, crouching behind the chair of her nearest neighbor, in affected terror.

"What were you about to inquire?" said Helen, recovering herself.

"Only whether you expected Mr. Lay over to-night; whether he is so selfish and lover-like as to deprive us of your society on this, the last evening of your freedom."

"He will not be here, I think. Do you want me, Sally?"

"No, ma'am,—but your uncle told me to say as how he would like to speak to you a minute in the office."

Sally had never said "master" to, or of Colonel Floyd, when she could avoid it, since the shooting adventure in the melon-patch. She did not belong to him, she used to boast, and would not compliment him by the respectful title.

To the office Helen bent her way, leaving her fair attendants to talk over, and wonder at her marvellous serenity; as Virginia Shore had it, "her cool style of taking what threw most girls into fits, surely no other woman ever looked and acted as she does, upon the eve of her marriage-day!"

Helen crossed the dining-room, with its long table set for supper; went along the passage beyond, to the scene of the moonlight talk with Robert, on the evening of Aleck's return. Upon the threshold of this apartment, the wave of renovation, that had swept through the rest of the mansion, had been stayed. There was more lumber stored there, and it was overspread by a thicker coat of dust, and fringed more heavily with cobwebs, than at Helen's former visit, and the dark, airless smell of the place seemed heightened, instead of dissipated by the fire feebly burning upon the hearth. To this uninviting retreat had Colonel Floyd retired with his tormentors—the accounts of his ward's estate, or papers purporting to be such. They were scattered upon a dingy table, from which hung tattered strips of baize, that had been green, and whereupon stood also, a couple of candles and an inkstand. He was bowed over a great book, yellow and ink-spotted, at his ward's entrance, pen in hand, his countenance grave to dolefulness.

Helen stopped in front of him, keeping the desk between them.

"You sent for me, I believe, sir?"

"I did! Sit down!"

"Thank you! I prefer to stand, unless our conference is to be a lengthy one."

"It need not be. I, assuredly have no wish to prolong it. I have prepared and collected a few papers, which it is necessary for you to sign, in order that I may proceed in the work of legal surrender of the charge placed in my hands by your father—the care and management of your estate. There is one?"

He pushed towards her a sheet of large dimensions, covered with figures.

"I will take a seat, since this is to be inspected," said Helen, coolly, drawing up a chair with a broken back—the most secure one that offered itself among the unfortunate collection—and dusting it with her handkerchief.

The Colonel's brows met ominously.

"You are not required to undertake that task. Mr. Lay has examined it, and is satisfied that it is correct."

"I do not see how that can be. This, as I learn from its caption, professes to be a report of my expenditures since I attained the age of fifteen—bills for clothing, board, pocket-money furnished, etc.,—matters of which Mr. Lay is profoundly ignorant. I am the fittest person to judge of the accuracy of your statements."

Unheeding the muttered curse at her "perversity" and "unbearable insolence," she reviewed the long columns of numerals; dwelt thoughtfully upon particular items, and raised her eyebrows meaningly at the sum total.

"I shall not affix my signature to this, sir!" she said, letting the sheet fall as she finished its study. "I, too, have a statement to make, which it is proper you should hear. My uncle, William Gardner, was joint guardian with you until his death, which occurred at the date when this account begins. Until then, your reports were subject to his examination. When you assumed the entire charge of my property, I opened a private expense book. He advised me to the measure, upon his death-bed. I have kept it with scrupulous exactness, in anticipation—let me say—of the final settlement upon which we are now engaged. I can prove by it, that the sums disbursed by you for my expenses do not exceed *one-half* of the amount you have here set down. I have taken pains to omit nothing in my account. Every school-bill was copied with punctilious care, before I passed it to you, every six-penny-worth of ribbon was registered so soon as it was procured, I cannot truthfully certify, as you wish me to do, that I have received, either in ready money, or its equivalent, all you declare has been spent by, and for me. There is a mistake somewhere, and a great one!"

"Girl! do you know that you are accusing me of swindling?"

"I have used no such word. I have said that there is an error in your computation. We will therefore lay this paper aside, for further consideration. Did I understand you to say that there are others to be inspected?"

"Will you have the goodness to 'inspect,' since you so fond of using the word, that—and let me have your ladyship's judgment of it?"

He flung an envelope over to her so rudely that it whizzed past her cheek, and fell to the floor. Nowise disconcerted by his violent tone and action she stooped to pick it up.

"This is directed to Lily—not to me!" she said, reading the address upon the back.

"I am aware of that. You will find, notwithstanding, that it concerns Miss Helen Gardner very nearly. You recognize the handwriting, I presume?"

"I think that I do."

"It bears a very tolerable resemblance to Mr. Robert Lay's, does it not?"

"It does!" Helen laid the letter down with an air of unconcern.

"It *was* written by him, and intercepted by myself—"

"In that case I shall take the liberty of restoring it to the rightful owner," interrupted she, stretching her hand towards the letter. He secured it before she could touch it.

"You had best not be overhasty, young lady! You may reverse your decision when you learn the contents of this epistle—" tapping the cover, meaningly. "This—which came into my possession, this very afternoon, confirms what I have long suspected, the fact of Robert Lay's infidelity to my wealthy ward, and real love for her poorer but more beautiful cousin. He tells Lily, here, that his heart has failed him at the eleventh hour; that he cannot and will not, unless driven to it by her cruelty, carry out the projected union with yourself, and proposes an elopement upon his wedding-day. What say you to this pretty arrangement? It offers quite a refreshing variety to the ordinary hackneyed style of entering the hymenial state, does it not?"

If demon ever wore a more fiendish smile than the sneer that curled his lip, and looked evilly from his eye at that moment, it must have been the prince of devils himself.

Helen's features hardened into stone beneath it.

"I have nothing to say to such a tale, sir, except to insist, still, that the letter shall be delivered to the person for whom it was intended."

"You do not care to read it yourself?"

"Certainly, I do not! The act would be dishonorable."

"You may perhaps not object to glance at the signature? It is boldly and well written!"

Before she could draw back or divine his intention, he thrust the open page abruptly under her eyes.

"*Forever your own Robert*," she could not help reading in the round comely characters that were traced upon many a note to herself.

"You refuse to take it still! Your principles of honor are invulnerable, your curiosity stagnant?" mocked her companion, as she arose in offended dignity.

"I have seen no reason why I should change my mind," she replied.

"Be it as you will! I shall not transmit this letter to the lady-love No. 2 of this fickle swain—shall uphold Mammon's cause against Cupid's," continued Colonel Floyd, replacing the epistle within the envelope, then putting it, with ostentatious care, between the leaves of his pocket-book. "It is my duty to protect your reputation and your cousin's so long as you are inmates of my house, reckoned by the public as members of my family. Disgrace is a word unknown in the Floyd annals. Mr. Lay's disappointment at not finding his bonny Lily at the place of rendezvous (not a euphoneous name for a romance—Rock's Tavern!) his chagrin at her non-compliance with his petition may produce a reaction in your favor;—so, do not despair of seeing him in his appointed position to-morrow evening."

"If he comes I shall marry him without demanding a word of explanation!" said the low, determined tones he had been used to hear from her, in her obstinate moods, since the days of her willful childhood.

"Very well! What woman ever let 'a good chance' slip through her fingers? I will oppose no obstacle to your manifest destiny which is to show yourself to be as grand a fool as he is a knave!" rejoined her guardian, contemptuously. "The remainder of my business may, with propriety, be delayed until the knot is tied. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!' I am to meet the amorous bridegroom at the clerk's office at eleven o'clock to-morrow, when he applies for his marriage license. It will then be seen which of my wards he has finally decided to promote to the dignity of favorite in his harem. Fascinating creature! what a pity he was not born in Turkey!"

Nothing but Helen's indomitable pride enabled her to carry an unblenching front up to the last word spoken in this unlooked-for trial, this unprecedented emergency.—Pride was her master-spirit. It had impelled her to the destruction of her earthly happiness as a blind for a slighted, broken heart; had bound her fast to the fulfillment of a rash and sinful vow; it came to her aid now; strengthened her to cast back disdainfully this crowning insult.

"If, as I suppose, this is the climax of your choice observations, sir, I will, with your permission, retire!"

She swept him a lofty curtsey in return for his mocking obeisance, and walked erect and haughty from the room. Once out of his abhorred presence, she quickened her stately gait to a rapid flight; traversed hall and porch, avoiding lighted apartments; gained the little conservatory in the rear of the parlor, shut the door behind her and sank upon a bench against the wall, panting and exhausted.

"Am I going mad? What am I to think? What can I do? GOD help me in this fearful strait!"

The glimmer of the stars through the glass roof met her agonized, upward glance, as the unwonted petition broke from her;—the holy watchers, beyond whose shining bands, HE dwelt whom she blindly invoked.

"Of purer eyes than to behold evil!"

The text came unsought to her mind, and

the swift inference followed—"Then, He has neither notice nor compassion for me!"

They still beamed mildly, benignantly, upon her—the eternal sentinels of Heaven! and she could not withdraw her answering regards. Beneath their pure rays, as under the distillment of refreshing dews, feelings trampled, soiled and crushed by the fierce rush of earth-born passions, began to revive and lift themselves anew. She had sowed the wind;—the whirlwind of humiliation and despair was the legitimate harvest; but her proud spirit prayed in its writhings that she might be spared the direful position. Slowly sinking to her knees she cried out of the depths to the All-merciful; with tears and sighs besought Divine succor and support amid the snares that encompassed her.

"Lead me into a plain path!—however hard and thorny it may be I will tread it without a murmur! Strengthen me to tell *him* the truth, and then do with me as Thou wilt. Keep far from me all bitter or revengeful thoughts of him—*for* oh! am I not the more guilty of the two? Did not my sin of unfaithfulness and deceit precede his?"

She still knelt—still looked upward, in inaudible supplication, accompanied by fast-flowing tears, when the lock of the door, which she thought she had made fast at her entrance was drawn back, and a figure glided in. The faint starlight revealed enough of the small figure and waxen face to show who was the intruder, if her cousin had not recognized her by the noiseless grace of her movements. Supposing that she had come on some errand that would not detain her more than a minute, Helen crouched lower to avoid being seen, and waited, with hushed breath, for her departure. Every fibre of her frame thrilled to the low cry of agony that stirred the silence of the place. Lily was standing by the orange-tree which loomed up a pyramid of dusky white in the darkness; bent over and caressed it as if it were a sentient thing, while sobs mingled with incoherent lamentations, attested the depth and reality of her sorrow.

Helen never afterwards inhaled the scent of orange-blossoms without a return of the heart-sickness, the deathly faintness of spirit that came over her in that season of painful irresolution. Lily's heart was breaking,—and *she* stood between her and happiness—she, with her empty vows and failing resolution! and did not Robert approach the altar with a divided, if not a recreant heart?

"Oh, Helen! if you could only know!" said Lily, with a fresh paroxysm of tears.

In the woman's grief there was still a touch of the child's fretfulness and impatience at being thwarted. Helen seldom denied her any gratification which it was in her power to afford, and this moan appealed to the sympathies of the listener with peculiar and pathetic force. She was the elder of the two—the stronger and wiser;—her own folly and perverseness had brought her trouble upon her; but what had this poor girl done that her life should be blighted?

"She *does* know, my darling!"

Helen put her arm around her neck; would have drawn her to her bosom; spoken words of pity and of promise, but at her voice and touch Lily sprang back with a stifled shriek; in her mad alarm, struck at the speaker with all her strength, and sped away like a frightened hare at the sound of the hunter's horn.

The assault took Helen so entirely by surprise that she staggered against the orange tree and fell to the floor with it. When she regained her feet, she was alone in the darkness. She would not, she could not follow Lily then! Hers was a generous, and not implacable disposition, but it was not in it to recover immediately from the indignation awakened by this unfeminine and uncousinly treatment. She had bruised her shoulder against the flower-stand, and her bosom ached intensely from the effects of Lily's blow. She had not meant to hurt her, Helen knew—perhaps had not recognized the person who accosted her so unexpectedly, but her hand had fallen sharply.

"To-morrow!" Helen promised herself.—"By that time she may be ready to listen and I to speak calmly. A night of sober thought will be beneficial to us both."

Merriment and gamesome entertainment ran high in the parlor that evening, for the bridesmaids were not without their attendant train of admirers. Yule-log and Christmas jokes and wassail-cup were not wanting to enliven the youthful band, who watched for the first hour of the Advent-day, and no smile was brighter, no voice more ready in laughter and song, no step more elastic in the dance than were Lily Calvert's. Etiquette and inclination for once united in advising that Helen should not appear below, and she refused the companionship of any one, or all of the girls.

"They would enjoy themselves more in the parlor, and she had no fear of loneliness. She would be better satisfied if they would leave her to herself."

Lily would have been as extravagantly gay, had her cousin been present in the hilarious gathering, for the blood that never tinged the alabaster skin, yet seethed hotly in her veins; rushed, a tumultuous tide, to and from the heart. Says Charlotte Brontë of a certain crisis in her heroine's life—

"It found her despairing—it left her desperate—two vividly different stages of feeling."

The second, and more trying of these, Lily was now learning.

And thus passed the eve of the wedding-day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ OBEDIENCE AND FAITH.—There are some who pretend to believe, but work not; there are others who work, but believe not; but a saint does both; he so obeys the law as if there were no gospel to be believed; and believes the gospel as if there were no law to be obeyed.

☞ MISTAKES.—Sir Astley Cooper once made the confession, "I have made" "We are all liable to mistakes. I have made many mistakes myself. In learning the anatomy of the eye, I dare say I have spoiled a hatful of eyes."

## COMFORT FOR THE DESPONDING.

It is a thing worthy of note that, while the faint-hearted of the north complain of the inefficiency with which the war has been managed, the rebels do not agree with them. We have before us a Richmond Enquirer of the 10th of February, in which the rebel view of the question is given at length, and we deem it important enough to lay before our readers. It is as follows:

"THIRD STAGE OF THE WAR.—We have fairly entered upon the third stage indicated by the President in his message, namely, that of a war for subjugation and extermination. The people of this confederacy, isolated and shut up from all the world, have now to encounter the most horrible and demoniac effort for the assassination of a whole race that history has yet recorded, or we believe will ever have to record till history grows gray. For it is not every century, it is not every *eon* that shows the world a Yankee nation. Yes, the confederate people has now at last to strip for battle; it is a people that must this time very literally conquer or die.

"No doubt it would be agreeable to believe that this last stage of the war will be soon over, and must end in the speedy destruction of our intended murders. But look round the map of the confederacy, and judge if we can soothe ourselves with this belief. In the very heart of our country, our gallant sentinel of the Mississippi—heroic little Vicksburg—has sustained, indeed, and baffled two tremendous sieges; but a third time her citizens see pouring in around them from the north and from the west enormous masses of the beleaguring foe; iron floating batteries again crowd down upon her; and, even as you read these words, two hundred heavy guns may be thundering upon her defences, a hundred thousand men may be pressing to the storm of her ramparts. Again she will drive them off, perhaps, and remain the famous maiden city of this hemisphere, the bulwark of the west; so be it! but the vision we see on the Mississippi does not look very like exhaustion or despair on the part of the foe just yet.

"And again, look to the mouth of the mighty river. New Orleans is not a maiden city, alas; the base rag that has so often been rent and trampled before Richmond and before Vicksburg flies from all the towers of that deflowered city. Hordes of hungry Yankees, armed to the teeth, sit in the shade of her orange groves, and station negro guards over the mansions of her noblest citizens. All her best and fairest have to lament every day that their goodly city had not been laid in ashes before it became a haunt of obscene creatures. No sign of relaxation there! And, but a short way off, Mobile, by the shores of her spacious bay, keeps diligent watch and ward, expecting in the light of each morning sun to see the thrice-accursed stars and stripes gleaming through the smoke of a bombarding squadron. All along the Gulf, and around the coast of Florida, this omnipotent enemy, who is said to have just been playing his last card, is shutting up every river and planting his guns on every strong place. Savannah, shut in from the sea by Fort Pulaski, in the hands of the same inveterate Yankee, listens for the first boom of the artillery that is to level her walls with her sandy soil; and Charleston, grimly calm, but with beating heart, stands waiting the onset of the great armada. Those few acres of old Oyster Point, it seems, already swept and devastated by conflagrations, are to be the object and the prize of the most potent armament by far that American waters have ever seen. This very moment, it may be, the block Monitor batteries are steaming between Sumter and Moultrie. No signs of relaxation or of discouragement and despair in the enemy here! Pass further, and you will find the whole coast from Charleston to Norfolk, and every river to the head of tidewater, and every creek and sound formed by the sea islands, swarming with their gunboats and transports, ready to pour in masses of troops whenever there is a chance of plunder, bridge burning and general havoc.

"From Norfolk all around by Chesapeake and Potomac we are guarded by gunboats, and no living thing (save skulking smugglers) suffered to enter or go out. On the Rappahannock two hundred thousand men wait for a drying wind to move 'on to Richmond' once more, led by a genuine apostle of extermination. At last the savage abolitionists of Massachusetts have the right man in the right place. Heretofore they have rather wished the defeat of Lincoln's generals on the Potomac, because they seemed to be soldiers and not thieves and assassins; but with Hooker they feel at home; under Hooker they count upon owning southern plantations and giving law to southern vassals. To possess himself of the property of others a genuine Yankee will perhaps even fight.

"And northwestern Virginia is desolated by Milroy and his men, and Kentucky and the half of Tennessee, the richest and fairest lands of all the west, are entirely in the clutch of the enemy, while the rivers bring them up fleets of transports, and Rosecrans, with another large army, threatens to sweep all opposition from his path, and join the other brigands who are crowding upon Vicksburg.

"Where, in all this wide circuit, does the invasion seem to be fainting or giving ground? All round the border, and in the very heart of the Confederacy, the foot of the enemy is planted and his felon flag flies, and it means subjugation and extermination. It is, indeed, the third stage of the war, and we believe the last, but the struggle will be desperate. If it be the 'last card,' it is one on which the stake is life or death, honor or shame—either our name and nation will be extinguished in a night of blood and horror, or else a new sovereignty, the newest, fairest, proudest, will take her seat among the Powers of the earth with the applause of man and the blessings of Heaven."

A VISION AS WAS A VISION.—Mr. G. F. Dubiskie, a private in Hawkins' Zouaves, in a letter to his parents, relates the following curious dream:

"He dreamed that he stood in the centre of a vast level plain, when suddenly he saw two great armies approaching each other at a furious charge bayonets. He was between them and momentarily expected the furious shock of their meeting, but just as they reached him, they stopped suddenly, grounded arms and looked up toward Heaven. His eyes followed the direction which theirs took, and he saw the clouds rapidly breaking away as they often do after a severe storm. The sun broke forth gloriously as the heavy masses rolled away, revealing to his enraptured gaze the figures of Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Adams, Webster, and Ellsworth on an immense scroll; stretching above the heads of this throng was the sentence:—'Peace, April 23d, 1863.' Directly under this were two hands clasped, the one marked North, and the other South."

BROWN, the young man arrested the other day for forgery, turns out to be a professional burglar. A complete "kit" of burglar's tools was found in his room at the hotel where he stopped, even a diamond for cutting glass. A curious fact connected with the tools was this: the piece of paper in which they were wrapped contained two articles, headed respectively—"Are you on the Right Road?" and "Sinful Habits." It would seem that these warning voices were entirely unheeded by the owner of the "kit."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

### The End of a Nobleman and His Wife.

(From the Chicago Journal of Feb. 19th.)

In yesterday's Journal we gave an account of a Coroner's inquest held upon the body of Augustus C. Brodhead, who died on Monday night with epileptic convulsions.

As stated yesterday, Brodhead was formerly an officer in the British army, and had served with distinction in India. But since that publication, a gentleman intimately acquainted with him has given us additional and highly interesting particulars regarding the career of this man.

A few years ago, Brodhead, then in the prime of vigorous manhood, and wearing upon the dashing artillery uniform of the British service several royal medals, which he had earned by bravery and success, formed the acquaintance of a wealthy baroness of the Paget family, one of the most aristocratic houses of England. That acquaintance immediately became a love-match, and the unrelenting opposition of her family only served to render it a runaway match. The happy couple spent their honeymoon upon the continent, visited Italy, Switzerland, and the Egyptian pyramids, and two years ago came to Illinois and purchased a farm near Clifton, in Iroquois county.

Brodhead was as ignorant of agricultural science as he was proficient in that of gunnery and projectiles. And when to this serious impediment is added a deep-seated habit of dissipation—an inordinate fondness for the wine-cup—which his free and easy life had engendered, and which most unfortunately was shared by his wife, we have the sum total of causes sufficient to blast any man's prospects in life. His failure in an agricultural line only confirmed him as a drunkard, and hastened the denouement. An ardent lover of field sports, his dog and gun were in constant requisition, and his heavy libations on such occasions more than once laid him out for a night's lodging on the prairies. His wife, once a pet of British aristocratic circles, and at one time maid-of-honor to the Queen, though a highly accomplished lady, an excellent musician, and speaking with fluency seven different languages, soon became even more besotted than himself. She died drunk, a year ago, and Brodhead was in such a state of beastly intoxication as to be unable to comprehend the fact. Since that time he has been rapidly "going under." His property, dwindling away for years, soon vanished, and at the time of his death we find that he had been driven to the extremity of pawning his golden medals. Truly, "truth is stranger that fiction."

## NEWS ITEMS.

THE New Orleans Picayune reports an attempt to assassinate Gen. Banks. The weapon was an air-gun; the offender escaped. Gen. Banks was not hurt.

THE official report of Major-General Rosecrans of the battle of Murfreesboro, has been published. The battle was one of the bloodiest on record. Our entire number actually engaged was 43,400; our loss in killed and wounded, 8,778, or 20 per cent. of the whole force. The rebels engaged were about 63,000, and their loss, estimating from actual returns in three divisions, is set down at 14,560, or about 27 per cent.

DEATH OF A HEROINE.—Annie Carter Lee, the daughter and only child of General Lee, of the rebel army, died recently at Jones' Springs, North Carolina, an outcast from her home because she remained true to her flag under which her ancestors won their laurels, and true to the Government which had always treated her father as a parent treated a favorite child.

IN the legislature of Illinois, the Republican members held a caucus, and agreed that there should be no more legislation unless the Democrats withdraw the resolutions calling a Convention at Louisville, and pledge themselves not to again present them. The Republican Senators have already left Springfield, and will not return until the pledge is given, so that the Legislature is virtually dissolved.

PROVERBIAL FOLLY.—We understand, says the Boston Traveller, that Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," wrote, a short time ago, to a prominent Senator of the United States, entreating him to exert his influence with the President to prevent the latter from using the *guillotines* which he had imported for decapitating the rebels.

DEATH OF A FATHER OF THIRTY-ONE CHILDREN.—Jesse Harbor of Concord township, Champaign county, Ohio, as we learn from the Urbana Citizen, died on the 26th ultimo, at the age of seventy-six. He was married twice, and was the father of thirty-one children, the youngest of whom is about two years old. He has managed to give all who have arrived at maturity an outfit of eighty acres of land.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Conscription Bill by the decisive vote of 115 yeas to 49 nays. The bill went through substantially as it came from the Senate.

DRAKE'S History of Boston gives the following:—"In 1639 the General Court employed Edward Palmer to erect stocks in which to punish offenders. Having brought in his bill for the woodwork, amounting to £1 13s. 7d., the court decided that it was exorbitant; and instead of drawing on the treasurer for its payment, they ordered him to be set in stocks for an hour, and to pay a fine of £5." So Mr. Palmer sat in his own stocks for an hour, and paid back as a fine much more than he received for his labor. Why does not the Government deal in that manner now with its employees?

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been very active during the past week, and prices 12½@25c ℘ bbl better. Sales comprise about 25,000 bbls, mostly taken for shipment, at $6@6,50 for common and good superfine; $6,75@7,50 for extras; $7,50@8,25 for low grade and choice family, and $8,50@9 for fancy Ohio, including 250 bbls middlings and 4000 bbls extra and extra family, part City Mills, on terms kept private. The bulk of the sales were of good western family at $7,75@8 ℘ bbl. The sales to the trade have also been large, within the same range of prices, and high grade fancies at $9,50@10 ℘ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is firmer, and selling as wanted at $5 ℘ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, 1000 bbls Brandywine sold at a price kept private.

GRAIN.—The receipts of wheat have been light, and the market very active at a further advance of 2@3c ℘ bushel, sales reach about 75,000 bushels, mostly fair to good and choice western and Pennsylvania reds, at $1,72@1,78 in store, closing at $1,75@1,76, and white at $1,85@2, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania sells at 98c@$1. Corn is better and more active, with sales of some 50,000 bushels, new yellow at 88@90c, in store and afloat. Oats are in steady demand, and all offered. About 30,000 bushels good Pennsylvania sold at equal to 64c for 32 lbs. Barley has been selling at $1,45@1,50 for Pennsylvania and western. Of Barley Malt we hear of no sales.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is firm, with small sales of Mess at $15@15,50 and $17 for old and new. Beef is steady at $12@15 ℘ bbl, the latter for city packed, and the demand for barrelled meats mostly to supply the goverment. Dressed Hogs sell at $6,75@7 the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off slowly at 9@11c for Hams, the latter for fancy cured, and 6½@6¾c for Shoulders. Green Meats are active, and selling freely at the advance, say 5½@6c for Shoulders, in salt, 7½@8c for Hams, and 8½@9c for do in pickle. Nothing doing in sides. Lard is better with limited receipts and sales of about 2600 pkgs, including bbls and tierces at 11@12c and kegs at 12@12½c, cash and time. Country is worth 9½@10c ℘ lb. Butter is scarce and in demand at 20@25c for roll, and 16@18c for packed. Cheese is in request at 13@14½c, the latter for prime New York. Eggs are wanted and selling at 21@22c ℘ doz.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled and very dull during the past week, and the transactions limited to a few small lots at 55@65c for inferior; 75@85c for ordinary, and 90@95c for middling, cash.

ASHES are steady and firm, with moderate sales of Both Pots and Pearls.

BARK comes in slowly, and further small receipts and sales of 1st No 1 are reported at $36@37. Buyers now offer the latter figure. Tanners' Bark is also scarce and firm.

BEESWAX is in fair demand, with sales of 3000 lbs at 43@44c for good Yellow, and but little offering.

COAL—Orders from the East come in slowly, and the market is unsettled and dull. For home use there is rather more doing.

COFFEE is firmer, and the market rather more active, the want of stock limiting operations. Some 3600 bags, mostly Rio, were taken in small lots at 30@31½c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER continues firm and on the advance; of Yellow Metal sales are making at 32c for Sheets and Bolts, usual credit.

FEATHERS are dull and selling at 45@48c, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT is steady. Green Apples selling at $2@3½ ℘ bbl; dried do at 4@6c, and Peaches at 6@10c for unpared quarters and halves.

HAY is better, and good Timothy has been selling at 85@90c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is firm, but the want of stock in first hands limits operations.

HOPS move off as wanted, and command full prices, ranging from 25 to 30c for 1st sort Eastern and Western.

IRON is wanted at fully former rates. About 2000 tons Anthracite, in lots, at $34@35 for No 1, $33 for No 2, and $30@32 for No 3, cash and 4 months. Scotch Pig is held above the views of buyers and firm. Manufactured Iron is active, and prices tend upward.

LEAD is better; 2000 pigs sold, to arrive from a neighboring market, on terms kept private, and 600 pigs Galena here at 10½c ℘ lb, cash, now held higher.

LUMBER is firmer, but the season has not yet opened, and the only sale we hear of are some Yellow Sap Boards at $17@18 ℘ M. Laths are wanted.

MOLASSES is better and more active. Some sales of Clayed Cuba are reported on terms kept private; old Muscovado at 38@40c and 735 bbls and 37 hhds. New Orleans by auction, at 53@54c, cash.

RICE—The market is firmer and the sales of East India limited at 7½@8c ℘ lb.

SEEDS—There is not much Cloverseed offering or selling, and the market is rather quiet, some 3000 bus having found buyers at $6,50@7,25 ℘ bus, the latter from second hands. Timothy is wanted at $2,75@3, and Flaxseed at $3,50 ℘ bus, and the receipts light.

SPIRITS—The market for foreign is tending upward with a small business doing. N E Rum is better and quoted at 72@73c. Whiskey is unsettled and dull, bbls having been sold at 57@60c; Drudge at 56@58c.

SUGAR—The market has been more active, and prices are rather better, with sales of about 1400 hhds, part by auction, at 10½@11½c for Cuba, and 9@10½c for New Orleans, cash and four months; 103 bbls New Orleans also sold at 11½@13½c, and 94 bbls damaged do at 8½c cash.

TALLOW—The market has been unsettled and on the advance, with sales of city at 12@13c, and country at 11½@11¾c ℘ lb.

TOBACCO—The stocks of leaf and manufactured, the latter especially, are light, and the market firm but very quiet.

WOOL—The market is firm but very quiet at previous quotations, which range at 83@85c for coarse, and 90@100c for fine nett. Some small sales of fine are reported at 88@90c, and tub at 90c.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1744 head. The prices realised were from 7 to 10 cents ℘ lb. 100 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ℘ head. 3500 Sheep were sold at from 7 to 7½ cts ℘ lb. 840 Hogs sold at from $7,00 to 8,25 ℘ cwt net.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ROBERT GALBRAITH, to Mrs. JANE McDANIEL, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. ROBERT T. GILL, to Miss SALLIE A. MOORE, youngest daughter of Jas. M. Moore, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. BENJAMIN ELLIS, formerly of Baltimore, Md. to Miss ELIZABETH A. ADAMS, of Beverly, N. J.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. P. Sheridan, Mr. THOMAS TYGH, to Miss MARY T. STELTER, both of this city.

On the 18th of Jan. by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. ANTRIM C. BECK, to Miss AMELIA WILLOUGHBY, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Chambers, STEPHEN T. GREENLY, to MARY A. SLOAN, daughter of John V. Sloan.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL C. JARRATT, to Miss EMMA L. CURRY, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, JACOB C. BUTCHER, in his 46th year.

On the 23d ultimo, JANE, wife of Jas. Welsh, aged 36 years.

On the 23d ultimo, SARAH, wife of David Marple, and daughter of the late Judge Barr, in her 25th year.

On the 23d ultimo, CHARLES H. LEX, in his 26th year.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA ELLIOTT, in her 26th year.

On the 22d ultimo, MARY, wife of Henry Agnew, in her 20th year.

On the 22d ultimo, SAMUEL B. BASS, in his 73d year.

On the 21st ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of Thos. Henderson, in his 50th year.

On the 24th ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of the late Andrew Long, in her 41st year.

On the 20th ultimo, Miss MARY S. WATSON, daughter of Capt. Thos. J. and Anna I. Watson, aged 24 years.

On the 20th ultimo, JOHN W. BROOKS, in his 61st year.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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*Philadelphia, February 28, 1863.*

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| Alabama | 60 dis. | Missouri | 3 dis. |
| Canada | 60 prem. | Nebraska | — |
| Connecticut | ½ dis. | New Brunswick | 10 dis. |
| Delaware | par | New Hampshire | ½ dis. |
| Dist. of Columbia | ½ dis. | New Jersey | par to ½ dis. |
| Florida | — dis. | N. Y. City | ½ dis. |
| Georgia | 40 dis. | New York State | ½ dis. |
| Illinois | 3 dis. | North Carolina | 40 dis. |
| Indiana | ½ to 3 dis. | Nova Scotia | 10 dis. |
| Iowa | 1 dis. | Ohio | ½ dis. |
| Kansas | — | Pennsylvania par to | ½ dis. |
| Kentucky | ½ dis. | Rhode Island | ½ dis. |
| Louisiana | 25 dis. | South Carolina | 25 dis. |
| Maine | ½ dis. | Tennessee | 10 dis. |
| Maryland | 1 to 2 dis. | Texas | — |
| Massachusetts | ½ dis. | Vermont | ½ dis. |
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| Minnesota | — | Wisconsin | 2 dis. |
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GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
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jan3-3m

# Wit and Humor.

### "SOME PUMPKINS."

The other day, coming from Milwaukee, Olin was conductor of the train, which bore, besides a large load of passengers, a gold-laced chap belonging to Gen. ———'s staff. He was a dapper little fellow, with style, but he couldn't rest at ease. As the conductor was passing through the car, said Mr. Staff-Officer:—

"Look heah, conductaw, I paid for a first-class caw, purchased a first-class thicket, and want a better caw than this to ride in!"

"This is a first-class car."

"Well, I don't see it! This is a second-class caw. I have travelled."

"Did you ever see a second-class car cushioned and carpeted, occupied by ladies and gentlemen, before?"

"Don't know, but I want two seats; these are all fast, so I can't turn them. It is not a first-class caw."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am one of Gen. ———'s staff, sir!"

"Well, sir, I am sorry you are not pleased. Had the railroad company known you were coming, you should have had a new car built expressly for you, with something very soft to lean your head on. If you don't like this train, I will let you step off and wait for a first-class car, which will be on the next freight."

This being a staff-officer is a big thing, where a fellow can take style, and draw more pay than blood.

### YOUNG AMERICA.

A certain judge, while attending court in a shire town, was passing along the road where a boy was just letting down the bars to drive some cattle in. His father stood in the door of his home, on the opposite side of the road, and seeing what his hopeful boy was doing, shouted out—

"John, don't you drive them cattle in there—I told you to put them in the pastures behind the house."

The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect—and the third time gave positive orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with a coolness, which positively shocked the judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official dignity—

"Boy, don't you hear your father speaking to you?"

"Oh! ya-a-s," replied the boy, looking at the judge, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't, neither, and 'tween she and I, we've about got the dog so he don't."

### QUITE FORGOT 'EM.

"I say, cap'n," said a keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer Potomac at Natchez, "I say, cap'n this 'ere ain't all—I've left suthin' or 'nuther on board, that's a fac. We'll see now; I grant it's all right 'cordin' to list—four boxes, three chests, two brandy boxes, a portmoney, two hams (one part used), three ropes of inyuns, and one tea-kettle. But you see, cap'n, I'm kinder dubersome; I feel like as if suthin's short. Though I've counted them nine times, and never took my eyes off on 'em sense I came on board, I feel there's suthin' wrong somewhere."

"Well, stranger, time's up. You've got all I know on, so jest fetch your old woman an' five children out of the cabin, for we must be off."

"Them's um, by hokey! them's um! I know'd I'd forgot suthin' or 'nother."

☞ "The women of Homer," said a verdant gentleman, inquiringly, while looking at a magazine article bearing the above caption—"the women of Homer! was Homer one of that sort of fellows?" This reminds us (as Honest Abe would say) of a little story that Starr King used to tell. He had written a lecture about the life and times of Pericles. It was entitled "The Age of Pericles," and was so put on the posters. One day he saw a man gazing at the words, printed in capitals, on a wall, in the city of R———, and heard him exclaim, "The *Age of Perikles* (so he pronounced the last word); who the deuce cares *how old* he was!"

### HOW NEEDLES ARE MADE.

Needles are made of steel wire. The wire is first cut by shears, from coils, into the length of the needles to be made. After a batch of such bits of wire have been cut off, they are placed in a hot furnace, and then taken out and rolled backward and forward on a table till they are straight. They are then to be ground. The needle pointer takes up two dozen or so of the wires and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first one end and then the other. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the head of ten thousand needles in an hour. Next comes the punching of the eyes, by a boy, so fast that the eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles. A woman, with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them.

They are now complete needles, but they are rough and rusty, and easily bent. The hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red-hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil [illegible] more. They come out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and a tossing in sawdust, they become bright, and are ready to be assorted, and put up for sale.

### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Summer moonbeams, softly playing,
  Light the woods of Castle Keep;
And there I see a maiden straying,
  Where the darkest shadows creep.
She is listening—meekly, purely,
  To the wooer at her side;
'Tis the "old, old story," surely,
  Running on like time and tide;
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple;
  Lordly doublet speaks his lot;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
  His the castle, hers the cot.
Sweeter far she deems his whisper
  Than the night-bird's dulcet trill;
She is smiling—he beguiling—
  'Tis the "old, old story" still.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

The Autumn sun is quickly going
  Behind the woods of Castle Keep;
The air is chill—the night-wind blowing,
  And there I see a maiden weep.
Her cheeks are white—her brow is aching—
  The "old, old story," sad and brief,
Of heart betrayed, and left, nigh breaking,
  In mute despair and lonely grief.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care;
Vows are many—truth is rare.

### THE BELOVED WIFE.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her love and care are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine; the one life, the other mechanism.

The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, and penetrating, and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling higher, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise; for "love is heaven, and heaven is love."

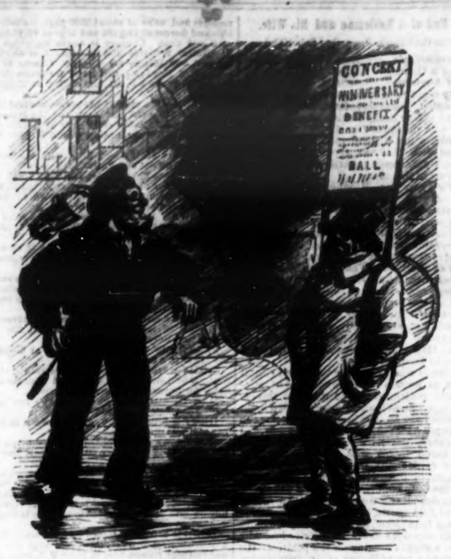
### A CHEAP AND PHILOSOPHICAL ORNAMENT.

Fill a clear glass bottle with distilled water, in which dissolve some sugar of lead, about three cents' worth to half a pint of water. Insert a scrap of sheet zinc into the cork, long enough to reach half way down the bottle when the cork is in; the lower part of the zinc may be cut into two or three forks and twisted like branches of a tree. The strip of metal is no sooner immersed in the solution than the latter begins to act chemically upon it, and delicate, feathery crystals of lead will cover the whole of the submerged portion. The deposit and growth of the lead may be watched with a magnifying glass, and will continue to increase for some hours, and can only be stopped by carefully pouring out the solution and replacing it with distilled water; it will, however, cease of itself when all the lead is deposited. The result looks like an inverted tree or bush, with thick metallic fo'iage, glistening as the light happens to fall upon it. It need scarcely be remarked that sugar of lead is poisonous to swallow.

PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.—The height of perfection to which language is now carried, is perfectly excruciating. Nobody but a pauper is now buried in a coffin, everybody that is anybody is interred in a *casket*. We have no longer any meeting-houses; they have all been transmogrified into *church-edifices*. Nobody now has a cough brought on by getting wet and cold, but a great many people, as the worthy woman who wished to be elegant, said of her husband, are "sufferin' very bad with bonchrisches, which were superinduced by excessive exposure." Nothing is now begun, but all sorts of things are *inaugurated*, while rogues no longer commit a theft, but *consummate their depredations*. Nobody's house is burnt down now-a-days, but occasionally a *residence is destroyed by the devouring element*. Who will say this is not an age of progress and refinement?"

☞ The more liquor a man drinks the thirstier he grows. Like a craft left by the tide on the beach, he gets high and dry.

☞ [illegible]



"FALSE SAILING."

TAR.—"What cheer, Mate! You'd better take in a reef o' your taup'sle; or I'm blowed if you won't have the masts out o' yer."

### ROBBERY AS A SCIENCE.

An elegantly dressed female entered a jeweler's shop in Paris, one day, and asked to see some valuable gold pins, of which she wished to purchase one, she said, as a New Year's present for her husband. While she was examining the articles, a man began playing a barrel-organ before the door. The music seemed to annoy the lady, and stepping to the door she threw a piece of money to the man, and told him to go away, which he did at once. On returning to the counter she said that none of the pins suited her, but that as some compensation for the trouble she had given, she would buy a brooch for the daughter of her concierge. She accordingly chose one, paid 10 francs for it, and was leaving the shop, when the jeweler missed a diamond pin of great value from among those she had been looking at.

He accordingly stopped his customer, who seemed highly indignant, and insisted on the jeweler's wife searching her, which was done, but no pin was found. The jeweler, therefore, allowed her to leave, but sent his sister to watch her. The woman was seen to enter another jeweler's shop, and was pretending to make a purchase as before, when the organ-grinder again made his appearance. As soon as he began playing she again threw him some money and ordered him to move on; but the person who was watching her perceived that with the money she had also given the man a piece of jewelry. This fact was at once made known to some sergeants de ville, who arrested both of them, and found on the man several articles of jewelry which had been obtained in a similar manner.

☞ "Jury," said an Arkansas judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." They returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

☞ A cotemporary inquired if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. We think it a much more important question whether they are fitted for husbands.

☞ An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure to waste.

☞ The craving for sympathy is the common boundary-line between joy and sorrow.

# Agricultural.

### PLANTING FOREST TREES.

BY GEORGE W. CHASE.

Farmers, with hardly an exception, ought to give more attention to the cultivation of forest trees. In view of the growing scarcity of timber, and even fire-wood, it is well worth while that they should not only have an eye to the most economical use of what they may have, but that they should take measures to increase, rather than diminish their stock of forest trees. It is not so well known as it should be, that some of the most valuable of our timber trees grow very rapidly, are easily propagated, need scarcely any care, and will pay a handsome interest on the value of the land growing them. Ample proof of each of these points could easily be given, did present space allow. In support of the latter assertion—that of profit—I have in my mind's eye the case of a "down-east" farmer who owned a large piece of land, upon which there were no trees, but which was covered with *sprouts*. He cut down those he considered worthless, carefully leaving the oak and pine, and thinning these from time to time. In forty years the timber on that very piece of land was valued at several hundred dollars an acre, and our downcast farmer was considered *rich* in its ownership. In this instance, by simply exercising a little judgment,—and almost without any care or labor,—[illegible] "comfortable" fortune for a farmer. The annual increase in its value was estimated to be more than *twelve per cent.*

Perhaps no better illustration of the rapid growth of young forest trees can be given than by referring to the farm of R. S. Fay, Esq., Lynn, Mass. This gentleman has several "plantations," commenced in the spring of 1847. When planted, the most of his trees were less than three feet in height, though some were as much as eight feet, (the latter mostly white maples.) The soil was rough, gravelly, and hungry—too rough for either ploughing or trenching. A recent account of the growth of a similar plantation in England, induced Mr. Fay to measure a large number of his own trees, and he communicated the result to the Country Gentleman and Cultivator. The following is his report:—

| | Planted. | Circumference four feet from ground. |
|---|---|---|
| White Maples | 1847 | 40 to 45 inches. |
| Rock Maple | 1848 | 24 to 26 " |
| Norway Maples | 1848 | 26 to 32 " |
| English Oaks | 1847 | 25 to 28 " |
| Pin Oak | 1848 | 31 " |
| Overcup White Oak | 1849 | 22 " |
| White Oak | 1848 | 19 " |
| Chestnut Oak, from seed | 1849 | 17 " |
| American Elm | 1847 | 32 " |
| Spanish Chestnut | 1848 | 33 " |
| Canoe Birch | 1848 | 29 " |
| Scotch Larch | 1847 | 25 to 30 " |
| Norway Spruce | 1847 | 26 to 31 " |
| Austrian Pine | 1847 | 25 to 28 " |
| Scotch Fir | 1847 | 24 to 29 " |
| English Silver Fir | 1847 | 28 " |
| White Pine | 1848 | 27 to 31 " |
| Italian Poplar | | 45 " |

Here, then, we have a growth of from *eight to fifteen inches in diameter* in fifteen years, or on an annual average of from one-half an inch to one inch in diameter. Mr. Fay attributes a good share of his success to the fact that he planted thickly, and thus allowed the trees to protect each other in the earlier stages of their growth. He says, "I could never do much in single tree planting; but in masses I can make trees grow almost as fast as corn, *and quite as profitably.*" Such an example and testimony as this is well worth the attention of farmers generally.

The best way to commence a plantation of forest trees, is to plant the seed in beds prepared for the purpose. Keep the weeds down, and in two or three years transplant the trees to where they are wanted. Keep out the cattle, plant thick, and thin out as the trees become too much crowded.

White ash should be planted on rich, moist soils. Oaks will thrive on land so rocky and hilly as to be quite unfit for tillage. Pines will grow on almost every variety of soil, except that quite boggy. Hackmatack requires a decidedly wet soil, and will only grow in perfection on soil so wet and miry as to be nearly unfit for any other timber. Maples, like pines, will thrive on almost any kind of soil, and are rapid growers.

There are hundreds of farms in Massachusetts, particularly in the vicinities of the cities and large towns, on which the timber has been entirely cut away—not enough being left to support a single fire. On most, if not all of these farms, there is land that might easily be planted with forest trees, and with every prospect of a profitable return for the labor and the use of the land. The present and prospective high price of wood in the vicinities of our larger towns, and the growing scarcity of the wood itself, are sufficient reasons for recommending the cultivation of forest trees to the careful consideration of our farmers generally.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

### FARMING FOR OLD AGE.

Every one with his eyes open has seen many men, farmers and others, make great mistakes in "retiring" early from business. After one has spent the best of his days in active employment, it is quite unnatural for him to suspend all work, fold his hands, and sit down idle. The fancied pleasure flies from him; he was never so miserable before. How much better is it to retire slowly, to give up labor and care by degrees, and never to give them up entirely. Activity, bodily and mental, is necessary to keep one's faculties bright and in a healthy condition. To the farmer especially, we would say, prepare for old age by degrees. If your farm is large, lay off a portion of it for fruit culture. Plant an orchard of the choicest varieties of apples, pears, plums, cherries, and peaches. If a good proportion of the apples are Fall and Winter sorts, they will always be marketable, and will yield a handsome income with only little labor. Plant also a vineyard. The care of it will furnish pleasant occupation for an old gentleman, and the grapes and wine yield considerable income. This point deserves more consideration than it commonly receives. The profits of a farm are never too large, even after the hard labor of one's prime applied to it. But one can not expect to plough and hoe, and hoe and plough forever. Why, then, should we not put our farms into such a condition that when our limbs become stiffened by age, our lands will yield us nearly the same income with less work? That a large and well selected fruit orchard will do this, no intelligent person will deny. A fruit tree when young costs but a trifle, it occupies but little space, does not exclude hoed crops or grass, and when grown to maturity, yields an annual income of from $15 to $40. And besides the orchard and vineyard, let the old man have his garden. In this way, he will have enough to do, and yet not be oppressed with care and labor. Committing the larger part of the farm to his grown-up sons, he can give them the benefit of his experience, while both parties will rejoice in their prosperity and their independence.

GRAFTING WAX.—As the time is now approaching when fruit-grafting will commence, we herewith publish what has been found by us to answer the purpose admirably:—

Five parts of rosin; one part of beeswax; one part of tallow.

Melt these in a skillet, tin cup, or any metal vessel: the skillet being preferable as it can be handled better, and the wax keeps warm longer in it. Melt these over the fire and mix together well. When the scions are set—say as many as twenty or thirty, or as few as is wished—have the mixture ready and apply it warm, with a small wooden paddle. See that every part is covered and the air completely excluded. It requires no bandage.

We have made the wax in different proportions to the above, but we find these to be best adapted to the purpose. The object to be attained is to have the wax of such consistency that it will not crack in the cold winds of March and April, nor run in the hot suns of summer.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

# Useful Receipts.

ARTIFICIAL CORAL FOR GROTTOES AND OTHER ORNAMENTATIONS.—To 2 drachms of vermillion add 1 ounce of resin and melt them together. Have ready the branches or twigs peeled and dried and paint them over with this mixture while hot. The twigs being covered, hold them over a gentle fire, turning them round till they are perfectly covered and smooth. White coral may also be made with white lead and resin. When irregular branches are required, the sprays of an old black thorn are best adapted for the purpose, and for regular branches the younger shoots of the elm are most suitable. Cinders, stones, or any other materials, may be dipped in the mixture and made to assume the appearance of coral.

ZINC WASH FOR ROOMS.—Mix oxide of zinc with common size and apply it with a brush, like lime-whitewash, to the ceiling of a room. After this apply a wash, in the same manner, of the chloride of zinc, which will combine with the oxide and form a smooth cement with a shining surface.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA.—Stir plaster of Paris into a thick solution of gum Arabic, till it becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and draw the parts closely together. In three days, more or less, according to dryness and temperature of the air, it will be perfectly dry, and the article cannot be broken in the same place. It is white and does not show.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter and five eggs; a small cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of saleratus; cinnamon and cloves to your taste; one pound of raisins, one wine-glass of wine and another of brandy.

POTATO CRUST.—Par-boil and mash twelve potatoes; add one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a half a cup of milk or cream. Stiffen with flour until you can roll out.

UNINFLAMMABLE PREPARATION.—Numerous substances have been tried to render muslin dresses incombustible, the best being the tung-state of soda and the sulphate of ammonia. Tung-state of soda, prepared expressly for rendering fabrics non-inflammable, can be obtained, by order, of any chemist. Directions for use: To three parts of good (dry) starch add one part of tung-state of soda, and use the starch in the ordinary way. If the material does not require starching, mix in the proportion of one pound of tung-state of soda to two gallons of water; saturate the fabric with this solution, and dry it. The heat of the iron in no way affects the non-inflammability of the fabric.

HOW TO RENOVATE STEEL CHAINS.—*Mr. Editor of Post*:—At present there are a number of persons who use the imitation gutta-percha chains, and as soon as the varnish runs off throw them away, in order to avoid this I send you the following receipt for insertion in your paper:—

"Heat the chain to a temperature of 90 degrees, after which dip it in some good, cold, black varnish; let it remain in the varnish from five (5) to ten (10) minutes, after which let it dry in the cold; if this process is strictly attended to the chain will be equal to new."

C. R. M.

# The Riddler.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 5, 11, is a preposition.
My 7, 28, 32, 1, 17, 29, is a metal of much utility.
My 8, 14, 2, 19, 21, is the name applied to a miser.
My 13, 16, 18, 28, is a water-fowl.
My 30, 12, 4, is a verb denoting to corrode.
My 25, 36, 22, is a faculty of the mind.
My 27, 15, is a conjunction.
My 30, 26, 24, 33, 35, is a wrinkle.
My 31, 10, is a preposition.
My 34, 6, 9, is a Latin numeral.
My 37, 3, is a Latin conjunction.
My whole is a very beautiful passage from Shakspeare. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
*Richmond Place, Cincinnati.*

### PUZZLE.

### LINES IN PRAISE OF WOMAN.

[When properly read.]

Happy that man may pass his life
  Who's free from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by a wife,
  Is sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to unfold
  The falsehoods that in woman dwell?
The worth in woman you behold,
  Is almost imperceptible.

Adam could find no solid peace,
  When Eve was given him for a mate;
Till he beheld a woman's face,
  Adam was in a happy state.

For in the female race appear
  Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
  In woman never can preside.

They're always studying to employ
  Their time in malice and in lies;
Their leisure hours in virtuous joy
  To spend, ne'er in their thoughts arise.

Destruction to those men, I say,
  Who make the fair their chief delight,
Who no regard to woman pay,
  Keep reason always in their sight.

### DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A word signifying distress.
A city in Europe at which a battle was fought.
An instrument used in the school-room.
An exclamation.
An Austrian battle-field.
A word signifying vile.
A piece of clay.
A low island.
A man's name.
A preposition.
An avenue.

The initials and finals form the name of a great hero and his familiar title.

*Cincinnati, Ohio.* Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

### DIOPHANTINE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find four whole positive numbers whose sum shall be a cube; the sum of every three of them a cube, and the sum of every two of them a cube? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many spheres of six inches in diameter can be made at the same time to touch a central one of the same diameter?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

*Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.*

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Most people that like good living have recourse to the largest refreshment rooms; but I know some to which they frequently resort, and they are the lowest and smallest that can be. Which are they? Ans.—Mushrooms.

☞ When does a woman's tongue go quickest? Ans.—When it is on the railroad.

☞ When is a ship like a fraudulent wine merchant? Ans.—When she makes port with logwood.

☞ Why is a fashionable lady's dress like an iron-clad ship? Ans.—Because it is heavily plaited.

☞ Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Ans.—Because it is making use of flash language.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The President's Emancipation Proclamation. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Artemas Martin. CHARADE.—Meat. (Eat, at, team.) CHARADE.—Agate. (Gate, tea, ate, at.) DOUBLE REBUS.—Davis, Grant. (Dog, alter, Virginia, inn, sot.)

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published November 22, 1862.—Length of a side touching water, 6.00012 inches. Length of a side touching outside, 6.76643 inches.

*Baltimore.* E. HAGERTY.

We believe A. Martin's answer, already given, to J. L. Ross, Jr.'s PROBLEM, published December 27th, to be correct.

*Messrs. Editors*:—I believe the *true* answer and Rule to Francis W. Hibbard's PROBLEM, of September 20, 1862, has not yet been published.

Answer.—The diameter of each of the equal circles is 118.59225082615812 feet.

Rule.—Multiply half the length of one side of the equilateral triangle by the square root of 3, minus 1; the product will be the diameter of one of the required equal inscribed circles.

Or, in decimals, multiply half the length of one side by 0.7320508075688772935; the product will be the answer required.

Respectfully yours,
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

☞ Never possess anything that requires much watching. The other cares of life are quite sufficient.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
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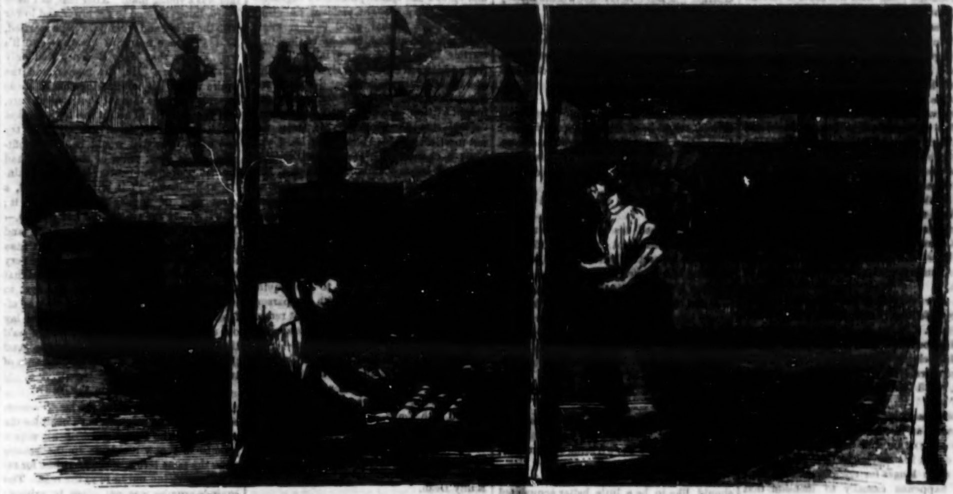
EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2272. }



ARMY OVENS, NOW IN USE, SUGGESTED BY GENERAL HOOKER TO SUPPLY THE PLACE OF "HARD TACK."

That the soldiers of our army are having freshly baked bread instead of the Adamantine "hard tack," which has hitherto formed a part of their rations, is due to the sensible suggestion of General Hooker. By means of certain simply-contrived ovens, the loaves are easily and expeditiously baked. The bread now furnished to the troops is light, white, and in every respect of the first quality. The General deserves the thanks of the boys for this instance of his regard for their comfort.—*N. Y. Illustrated News.*

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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**DEACON & PETERSON,** Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## THE RETURNED VOLUNTEER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY H. M. PRATT.

"Yes, he is come." "Oh, God, be merciful!
Is this my child? is this indeed my own?
These thin, white hands—these pale lips pitiful—
These sunken eyes—this forehead cold as stone?"

"My brother! speak but this once more to me!
He never will—he never will again!"
"Poor boy!" "Dear boy!" "He went so cheerily!"
And tears of friends fall like the falling rain.

Friends come and go, and many weep aloud
O'er the young face so worn with want and pain;
The face that was so bright and beautiful,
As haggard now as one by famine slain.

One lingers near him when the rest depart;
In the dusk hour stands with her dead alone;
"Died in thy country's service, noble heart!
I cannot mourn thee,—thou art still mine own.

"True to thy country to the latest breath,—
Noble and pure as human heart can be,—
Still thou art mine: though parted thus by Death,
I cannot mourn thee,—I shall come to thee."

## SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### CHAPTER VI.

LOOKING ON THE DEAD.

Some one had come hastily in at the door, sending it back with a burst. A lovely girl, in flowing white evening dress, and blue ribbons in her hair. A heavy shawl, which she had worn on her shoulders, fell to the ground, and she stood there, panting, like one who has outrun her breath, her fair curls glowing, her cheeks crimson, her dark-blue eyes glistening. On the pretty arms, about half-way up, were clasped some coral bracelets, and a thin gold chain, bearing a cross, rested on her neck. It was Maude Trevlyn, whom you saw at Trevlyn Hold last night. So entirely out of place did she look altogether in that scene, that Nora for once lost her tongue.—She could only stare.

"I ran away, Nora," said Maude, coming forward. "Octave has got a party, but they won't miss me if I stay but a little while. I have wanted to come all day, but they would not let me."

"Who would not?" asked Nora.

"Not any of them. Even Aunt Edith.—Nora, is it *true?* Is it true that he is dead?" she reiterated, her pretty hands clasped together in emotion, and her great blue eyes glistening with tears as they were cast upwards at Nora's, waiting for the answer.

"Oh, Miss Maude, you might have heard it was true enough up at the Hold. And so they have got a party, have they! Some folks in Madam Chattaway's place might have had the grace to put it off, when their sister's husband was lying dead!"

"It is not Aunt Edith's fault. You know it is not, Nora. George, you know it. She has been crying several times to-day; and she asked long and long ago for the bull to be sent off. But he was not. Oh, George, I am so sorry! I wish I could have come to see him before he died. There was nobody I liked so well as Mr. Ryle."

"Will you have some tea?" asked Nora.

"No, I must not stop. Should Octave miss me she will tell of me, and then I should be punished. What do you think? Rupert displeased Cris in some way, and Miss Trevlyn sent him to bed out of all the pleasure. It is a shame!"

"It is all a shame together up at Trevlyn Hold—all that concerns Rupert," said Nora, not, perhaps, very judiciously.

"Nora, where did he die?" asked Maude, in a whisper. "Did they take him up to his bedroom when they brought him home?"

"They carried him in there," said Nora, pointing to the sitting-room door. "He is lying there now."

"Nora, I want to see him," she continued. Nora received the intimation dubiously.

"I don't know whether you had better," said she.

"Yes, I must, Nora; I should like to.—What was that about the dog?" added Maude. "Did he scratch out a grave before the porch?"

"Who told you anything about that?" asked Nora, sharply.

"Ann Canham came and told it at the Hold. Was it so, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

"A great hole, Miss Maude, nearly big enough to lay him in. Not that I thought it was a token for *him;* I thought of Jim Sanders. And some folks laugh at these warnings!" she added, in a burst of feeling. "There sits one," pointing to George.

"Well, never mind it now, Nora," said George, hastily. Never was there a boy less given to superstition; but, somehow, with his father lying there, he did not care to hear much about the mysterious hole.

Maude rose from her chair. "Take me in to see him, Nora," she pleaded.

"Will you promise not to be frightened?" asked Nora. "Some young people can't endure the sight of the dead."

"Why should I be frightened?" returned Maude. "He cannot hurt me."

Nora took the candle and moved towards the door, Maude following. But it was now George's turn to interfere. He pulled Nora back, and gently laid hold of Maude.

"Don't go, Maude. Nora, you must not let her go in. It—it—she might not like it. It would not be right."

Now, of all things, Nora had a dislike to be dictated to, especially by those whom she called children. She saw no reason why Maude should not look upon the dead if she had a mind to do so, and she gave a sharp word of reprimand to George, in an undertone. How could they speak loud, entering into that presence?

"Maude, Maude!" he whispered. "I would advise you not to go in."

"Yes, yes, let me go, George!" she pleaded. "I should like to see him once again. I did not see him for a whole week before he died. The last time I ever saw him was one day in the copse, and he got down some hazel nuts for me. I never thanked him," she added, the tears streaming from her eyes; "I was in a hurry to get home, and I never stayed to thank him. I shall always be sorry for it. I must see him, George."

Nora was already in the room with the candle. Maude advanced on tip-toe, her heart beating, her breath held with awe.—She halted at the foot of the table, looked eagerly upwards, and saw— What was it that she saw?

A white, ghastly face, with its white hands tied up round it, and its closed eyes. Maude Trevlyn had never looked upon the dead, and her heart gave a great bound of terror, as she fell away with a loud, convulsive shriek. Before Nora knew well what had occurred, George had her in the other room, his arms wound about her, to impart a sense of protection. Nora came out and closed the door, vexed with herself for having allowed her to enter.

"You should have told me you had never seen anybody dead before, Miss Maude," cried she, testily. "How was I to know? And you ought to have come right up to the top before you turned your eyes on it. Of course, glancing up from the foot, they look bad."

Maude was clinging to George, trembling excessively and sobbing hysterically.

"Don't be angry with me," she whispered. "I did not think he would be like that."

"Oh, Maude, dear, I am not angry; I am only sorry," he soothingly said. "There's nothing really to be frightened at. Papa loved you very much; almost as much as he loved me."

Nora made her sit down, and gave her a cup of hot tea. By dint of talking and coaxing, they got her partially to forget her fright, and she said at length that she dare not stay longer.

"I will take you back, Maude," said George.

"Yes, please," she eagerly said. "I should not dare to go alone now. I should be fancying I saw—I saw—you know. That it was looking out to me from the hedges."

Nora folded her shawl well over her again, and George drew her close to him, that she might feel his presence as well as see it. Nora watched them down the path, right over the hole which the restless dog had favored them with.

"Stupid child!" was Nora's peevish exclamation. "Why couldn't she have just opened her lips, and said she'd never seen a corpse before? I should not have allowed her to go in then. I know what the first sight is to the young. When they took me in to see my old aunt, I was in convulsions pretty near for a day afterwards. But then I was years younger than is Maude Trevlyn."

They went on up the road, George and the young girl. An involuntary shudder shook George's frame as he passed the turning which led to the fatal field. He seemed to see his father in the unequal conflict.—Maude felt the movement, and drew closer to him.

"It is never going to be out again, George," said she.

"What?" he asked, his thoughts buried deeply just then.

"The bull. I heard Aunt Diana talking to Mr. Chattaway. She said it must not be set at liberty again, or we might have the law down upon Trevlyn Hold."

"Yes; that's all Miss Trevlyn and he care for—the law," returned George, in a tone of pain. "What do they care for the death of my father?"

"George, he is better off," said she, in a dreamy manner, her face turned upwards towards the stars. "I am very sorry; I have cried a great deal to-day over it; and I wish it had never happened; I wish he was back with us: but still he is better off."

"Yes," answered George, his heart very full.

"Mamma and papa are better off," continued Maude. "Your own mamma is better off. The next world is a happier one than this."

It was early time yet for George Ryle to believe in such consolation; he had not overgot the first anguish of the sting.

"I hope you will not take cold, Maude," he said, quitting the subject.

"How can I, with this great shawl over me?"

"Your head is uncovered."

"It will not hurt me; I am used to it. George," she resumed, after a pause, "I will tell you who is sorry, I think as sorry as I am; and that is Aunt Edith."

"Yes, I knew she would be."

His tone did not appear to invite further communication. In truth, favorite though Maude was with George Ryle, those were heavy moments for him. They proceeded along in silence until they turned in at the great gate by the lodge. The lodge was a round building, containing two rooms up and two down. Its walls were not very substantially built, and the sound of voices could be heard from the window. Maude stopped in consternation.

"George! George! that is Rupert talking!"

"Rupert! You told me he was in bed!"

"He was sent to bed. He must have got out of the window again. I am sure it is his voice. Oh, what will be done if it is found out!"

George Ryle swung himself on the top of the very narrow ledge which ran along underneath the window, contriving to hold on by his hands and toes. The inside shutters ascended only three parts up the window, and George thus obtained a view of the room above them.

"Yes, it is Rupert," said he, as he jumped down. "He is sitting there talking to old Canham."

But the same slightness of structure which allowed inside noises to be heard without the lodge, allowed outside noises to be heard within. Ann Canham had come hastening to the door, opened it a few inches and stood peeping out. Maude took the opportunity to slip past her into the room.

But no trace of her brother was there. Mark Canham was sitting in his usual invalid seat by the fire, smoking a pipe, his back towards the door.

"Where is he gone?" cried Maude.

"Where's who gone?" roughly spoke old Canham, without turning his head. "There ain't anybody here."

"Father, it's Miss Maude," interposed Ann Canham, closing the outer door, after allowing George to enter. "Who be you a taking her for?"

The old man, partly disabled by rheumatism, put down his pipe, and contrived to turn in his chair.

"Ah, Miss Maude! Why who'd ever have thought of seeing you to-night?"

"Where is Rupert gone?" asked Maude.

"Rupert?" composedly returned old Canham. "Is it Master Rupert you're asking after? How should we know where he is, Miss Maude?"

"We saw him here," interposed George Ryle. "He was sitting on that bench, talking to you. We both heard his voice, and I saw him."

"Very odd!" said the old man. "Fancy goes a great way. Folks is ofttimes deluded by it."

"Mark Canham, I tell you, we—"

"Wait a minute, George," interrupted Maude. She opened the door which led into the other room, and stood with it in her hand, looking into the darkness. "Rupert!" she called out, "it is only I and George Ryle. You need not hide yourself."

It brought forth Rupert, that lovely boy with his large blue eyes and his auburn curls. There was a great likeness between him and Maude; but Maude's hair was lighter.

"I thought it was Cris," he said. "He is learning to be as sly as a fox: though I don't know that he was ever anything else. When I am ordered to bed before my time, he has taken to dodge into the room every ten minutes to see that I am safe in it. Have they missed me, Maude?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I came away, too, without their knowing it. I have been down to Aunt Ryle's, and George has brought me back again."

"Will you be pleased to sit down, Miss Maude?" asked Ann Canham, dusting a chair.

"Eh, but that's a pretty picture!" cried old Canham, gazing at Maude, who had let her heavy shawl slip off, and stood warming her hands at the fire.

Mark Canham was right. A very pretty picture, she, with her flowing white dress, her neck and arms, and the blue ribbons in her falling hair. He extended the one hand that was not helpless, and laid it on her wrist.

"Miss Maude, I mind me seeing your mother looking just as you look now. The squire was out, and the young ladies at the Hold thought they'd give a dance, and Parson Dean and Miss Emily were invited to it. I don't know that they'd have been asked if the squire had been at home, matters not being smooth between him and the parson. She was older than you be; but she was dressed just as you be now; and I could fancy as I look at you, that it was her over again. I was in the rooms, helping to wait, handing round the negus and things. Eh, me! but it doesn't seem so long ago! Miss Emily was the sweetest-looking of 'em all present; and the young heir seemed to think so. He opened the ball with Miss Emily in spite of his sisters; they wanted him to choose somebody grander. Ah, me! and both of 'em lying low so soon after, leaving you two behind 'em!"

"Mark!" cried Rupert, earnestly, casting his eyes on the old man, eyes that sparkled with excitement; "if they had lived, my papa and mamma, I should not have been sent to bed to-night because there's another party at Trevlyn Hold."

Mark's only answer was to put up his hands with an indignant gesture. Ann Canham was still offering the chair to Maude. Maude declined it.

"I cannot stop, Ann Canham. They will be missing me if I don't return. Rupert, you will come?"

"To be mured in my bed-room, while the rest of you are enjoying yourselves," cried Rupert. "They would like to get the spirit out of me; they have been trying at it a long while."

Maude wound her arm within his. "Do come, Rupert!" she coaxingly whispered. "Think of the disturbance if Cris should find you here, and tell!"

"And tell!" repeated Rupert, his tone a mocking one. "*Not* to tell would be impossible to Cris Chattaway. It's what he'd delight in, more than in gold."

But Rupert appeared to think it well to depart with his sister. As they were going out, old Canham spoke to George.

"And Miss Trevlyn, sir—how does she bear it? Forgive me, I'm always a forgetting myself and going back to the old days. 'Twas but a week agone I called Madam 'Miss Edith' to her face. I should ha' said Mrs. Ryle, sir."

"She bears it very well, Mark," answered George.

Something, George himself could not have told what, caused him not to bear it well just then. The tears rushed to his eyes unbidden, as he answered, and they hung trembling on the lashes. The old man marked it.

"There's one comfort for ye, Master George," he said, in a low tone; "that he has took all his neighbors' sorrow with him. And as much couldn't be said if every gentleman round about here was cut off by death."

The significant tone was not needed to tell George that the words "every gentleman" was meant for Mr. Chattaway. The master of Trevlyn Hold was, in fact, no greater favorite with old Canham than he was with George Ryle.

"Mind how you get in, Master Rupert, that they don't fall upon you," whispered Ann Canham, as she held open the lodge door.

"I'll mind, Ann Canham," was the boy's answer. "Not that I should care much if they did," he added in the next breath. "I am getting tired of it."

She stood and watched them up the dark walk, until a turning in the road hid them from view, and then closed the door. "If they don't take to treat him kinder, I misdoubt me but that he'll be doing something desperate, as the dead-and-gone young heir,